





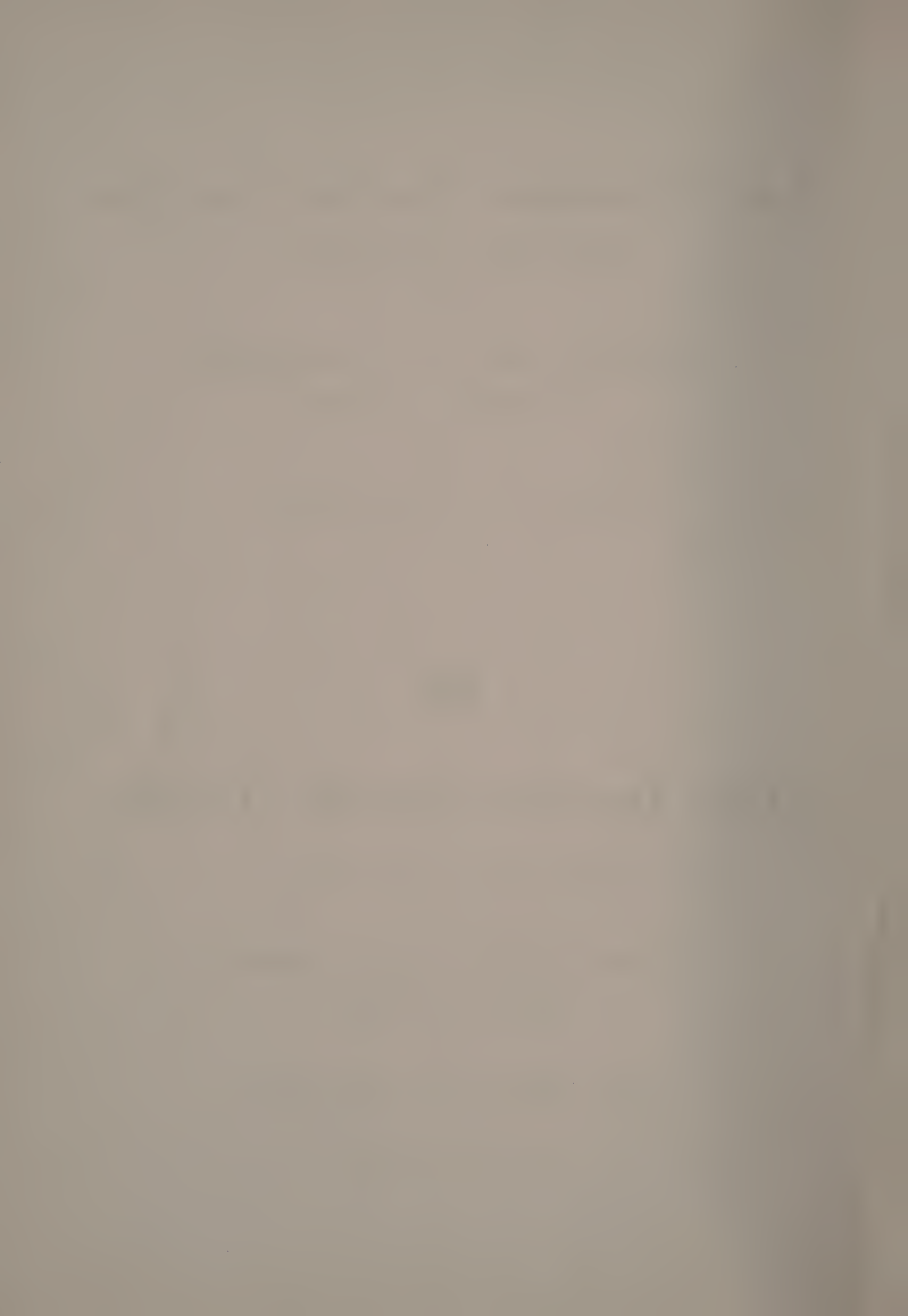
POR

El Principe de Pensamieńto









Las Verdades Incontrovertible

EXPLANADO IDEALMENTE

PARA

CONSOLACIÓN de LOS HOMBRES, MUJERES y NIÑOS

POR

EL PRINCIPE de PENSAMIEŃTO.

EDICIÓN INGLÉS.



The Incontrovertible Truths

EXPLAINED IDEALLY.

FOR

CONSOLATION OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

BY

THE PRINCE OF THOUGHT.

ENGLISH EDITION.

THE THOUGHT'S PRELUDE:

There's purpose in the imagined things,
Which seem on an earth to dwell;
And fancied man, we're told he's doomed
To be sent to heaven or hell.

Let us reason, sister, brother;
For our observations tell;
It can't be true that we were *made,*
Or *material* heaven or hell.

In fancied childhood, youth and age,
In thought, with opened eyes,
I've noticed how in ev'ry stage,
Each phantom being dies.

Not so alone with animal;
All fancied things, you know;
The vegetable, mineral—
They likewise seem to go.

Some seem to live "Three score and ten,"
While comrades not so slow;
What purpose the *ephemeral* serve
Is what you'd like to know.

Yet, sayeth all to thoughtful mind,
And in strong accents tell:
The infants could not reason find
Why they were sent to hell;

Or if to heaven they were consigned,
Not knowing of the past;
What reason could there be assigned,
Or mission served at last?

So, too, the fool, the thoughtless knave,
Neither master of his will;
Could not be justly sent to hell,
Or place in heaven fill.

The idle follies of the creeds,
From fancied ancients learned:
"Mankind, for mere existence, needs
To be forever burned,"

Is what they taught, and some believe;
Tell fancied children so;
A truer lesson here I give:
There is no place to go.

I've vainly tried to reconcile
Material with the truth,
By pond'ring, thinking all the while
Since days of fancied youth,

But weighing ideas lib'rally,
Can not accept a rule,
Belief of which would make of me
And ev'ry one a fool.

Would "Nature" *make* us as we are(?)
For spite, revenge or scorn?
If so, would it not be fair
That none had e'er been born?

Now, give the reason, ask your mind,
Tell wherefore understood
That hell is for the evil kind,
And heaven for the good?

There were no good, *if men were dust*—
Mid seeming charms and snares;
The noblest purpose ever must
Be lost in baser cares.

A helpless slave to passion, sin,
A struggle all through life;
Why should such awful state begin—
Who planned the bitter strife?

A fancied battle we must wield
Against temptation's hand;
And many warriors fall and yield;
Because they can't withstand?

Apparent in some families
Of parents all the same;
Five, more or less, live honest lives,
While one besmears the name.

The fancy of his earlier days
Begins with crime and sin,
And striving hard to mend his ways,
Is overcome again.

Faith in material makes them bad,
Caused *"Judas to betray?"*
Come, brother, think, change now your fad,
Believe the idealist's way.

This fancied book is but a thought;
The mysteries explained;
Herein is *Consolation* wrought,
And heaven really gained.

There is no matter anywhere,
Of such we have no need;
Though, true it seems as if there were,
Until you farther read.

Nor is there any mystery,
False is each creed and schism,
But you and I can plainly see
The truth through *Idealism.*

'Whoe'er believes in matter, or,
Time, place, death, misery,
But shuns his heaven, bars the door
To consolation free.

There is no limit recognized
By *Thought* Divine, it runs
Inmeasurable lengths: when analyzed,
Paints fancied stars and suns.

Now, all rejoice, love, peace prevail,
The glorious praises sing:
Your *Prince of Thought* has rent the veil,
Christ, Jesus, though, is *King.*

El Principe de Pensamiento.

THE THOUGHT'S PRELUDE.

SYNOPSIS-EXPLANATION.

A poem written and rewritten (in fancy, nevertheless) by the author, until he, himself, as a severe and relentless critic of his own ideas, could find no reason for change or improvement. It deals with the idea of a heaven and a hell, both of which are capable of experience, but by no means in the erroneous popular sense. The idea that they are places must be entirely disregarded; because there are no places, nor is there any place, and therefore there could not be such place as heaven or hell. If we were to reason from the standpoint of common sense alone, it would readily appear to us that there would be no cause for creating man that he might indulge the the queer occupation: running a race, as it were, for heaven, with ninety-nine chances to one of landing in hell, of living a life permeated with deceit; pretending to be that which by his fancied constitution and environment he cannot possibly be. He would even have to deceive his Maker (?) if he ever entered *heaven,* were there such a place, and more ridiculous it would seem if we were to believe that, as a sublime and holy plan, an allwise and alljust *Supreme Being* had designed such an outrageous contradiction, preparing a place in which to burn people, and people, only. I am upholding the dignity of the Great Intelligence by showing to you that no such unreasonable and uncalled-for condition exists, as you will clearly perceive by reading the poem entitled: The Thought's Prelude.

Perhaps one of the most difficult questions calling for explantion is the following: the fancied stages from apparent childhood, through youth, maturer age, and the eventual suggestion of death. In the poem, I did not undertake to explain

those different suggestions, but in the discussion, you will find that subject fully and very clearly explained. The *All fancied Things, you know,* does not mean that there are any things in existence, but simply things as they appear to exist, likewise the "Three score and ten." The latter simply refers to the suggestion of the passing of time, but I maintain and prove in the discussion, that there is no passing of time, as well as that there is no place. The ephemeral which appear to live for a day are really object lessons of very strong suggestion.

We come next to the question of infants, dying, so to speak, but, in fact, they do not die; neither do they live in the generally accepted sense. They may be, in a measure, classed with the ephemeral, and it surprises me to think that someone in the apparent *long ago* did not see the force of the lesson learned from observing this character of dreams. That will also be seen in the discussion following.

> The infants could not reason find
> Why they were sent to hell;
>
> Or if to heaven they were consigned,
> Not knowing of the past;
> What reason could there be assigned,
> Or mission served at last?
>
> So, too, the fool, the thoughtless knave,
> Neither master of his will;
> Could not be justly sent to hell,
> Or place in heaven fill.

We come now to the question of the creeds, some of which impose upon fancied man as the price of his fancied existence, the inevitable sentence of eternity in hell where he must burn incessantly and eternally with fire and brimstone. This, if true, would be more unjust; because if man were a created entity, he would necessarily have had no part in his own creation whereby he might have made of himself a character that would win for itself, by deeds and actions, a place in the better of the two, to-wit: *heaven.*

The fancy of his earlier days
Begins with crime and sin,
And, striving hard to mend his ways,
Is overcome again.

Faith in material makes them bad,
Caused *"Judas to betray?"*

A fancied battle we must wield
Against temptation's hand;
And many warriors fall and yield;
Because they can't withstand?

This is not a book in the material sense. It is but a thought, just as all other supposed entities exist in thought merely. The object is Consolation to all. Consolation complete is really heaven. There is no matter and there is no necessity for matter so long as we can have absolute consolation and satiation of the fancied appetites through thought. After reading this suggestion of a book, there will be no mystery recognized by anyone. If we clung to the idea or the doctrine of materialism, there would be no avoiding of mysteries at every fancied turn of the way. Under the strict doctrine of materialism, I cannot save for man even a temporary soul, but under the doctrine of idealism, I can easily provide him with a soul, a heaven and eternal happiness, but not strictly *individualized*—in other words, I cannot separate or tear him away from the Great Intelligence. Therefore, whoever believes in the doctrine of the existence of material as a real and positive entity, cannot enjoy permanent consolation; for if there were something, there would always be something to lose, something to trouble, something to bring out the inordinate desires, or prompt insatiable ambitions. It would be impossible to realize the slightest part of what one might wish for in this fancied life, and even after the apparent struggle of years to gain a coveted supposed thing, it vanishes almost immediately upon recovery. It doth appear lamentable that the doors to consolation and

heaven should be barred simply because one delights to believe in doctrines which a common and silly infidel may trample under his feet, as it were, contradict, insult, and defy the most learned of the fancied preachers to enter into debate with him. In passing through the stage of infidelity, I fortunately failed to stop there, quickly arriving at the conclusion that the infidel is in error, and exhibits ignorance in this: that simply because he cannot explain, or has not had explained to him the apparent mysteries, he declares all the ideas of the fancied ancients, and most of fancied modern thought, erroneous in every particular, and even has the audacity to deny the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, which we have been taught to call God. I was convinced there must be a reason for the various contentions, faiths and doctrines of my fellow susceptibilities of suggestions, and set about to find a logical conclusion, deducting from different experiences and observations, and after the apparent lapse of thirty years, devoted to constant study (among other ideas) of how, or wherefore such varied contentions, faiths, dogmas and doctrines, I arrived at logical conclusions covering each and every point, so that I am able to leave everyone with his own particular or peculiar religion undisturbed, and still show him, by unanswerable argument how he is right and wrong simultaneously. He is right in this: that he recognizes a Supreme Intelligence, but wrong in any belief which supports the idea of material creation of any person, place or thing, the existence of any material, even a speck anywhere, the existence of space to any extent, or the passing of time to the extent of one second. In all these latter ideas, he is in error. There is no matter, no space, no time.

There is no limit recognized
By Thought, Divine, it runs
Inmeasurable lengths, when analyzed,
Paints fancied stars and suns.

When we have removed every restriction, there is nothing to restrict us, not even to prevent the apparent creation of tril-

lions of worlds or the passing of decemdecillions of years, or causing us to imagine we are men, birds, beasts, or insects, and if the former, of thinking we are in eternal heaven or hell. Therefore, I pity the susceptibility who undergoes the apparent transition from life to death, in ignorance of the truth made simple by the suggestion of the appearance of Christ, to-wit: "Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Hence, to be a simple Christian is sufficient, but I am after those who desire to know all, and simply because they cannot reason all as I have done, will not only doubt themselves, but make efforts to cause others to become infidels. I have accorded to, and do accord the Great Intelligence such efficacy as allows it to make anything seem possible and real. We are in a condition whereby such is the fact.

A question may arise: Why do we all see the same things at the same supposed places where others see them? I mean; see them in fancy. But, we *do not all* see the same supposed thing at the same fancied place, even under the doctrine of the existence of matter, and faith absolute in the doctrine, as you will find fully explained in the following argument: The reason, however, that as a general rule, we see the same fancied thing at the same fancied place or at the same fancied time is that we are all hypnotized, that is, are all generally on the same line of suggestion, but we are subject to being re-hypnotized, and hypnotized over and over again in different forms or directions, according to the will of the Great Intelligence, so that we do not see the same pictures. It is even possible to hypnotize one's self to the extent that he may see or in any way realize just about what he desires, or is looking for. If he looks for wickedness, he does likewise; if he looks for miserable conditions, they come rushing thick and fast, yet, if he looks for happiness and peace, he is lulled to sleep and pleasant dreams. "Where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison." Both are sucking at the same fancied flower, but one is looking, in our fancy, for poison, and gets it, while the other, in like manner seeks honey, and is with it supplied. So, we ourselves; I mean; we who are *real* susceptibilities of suggestions (some

apparent ones being mere *blanks*) as it were, as in the argument explained, through the great influence of hypnotism, or mesmerism, can even disturb the apparently settled principles of the Great Intelligence, and that is because we are as much a part of the Great Intelligence as the same is a part of itself, limited under the Law only by the wisdom given from the everlasting battery, as it were, of Intelligence, in the first instance, together with the earning capacity neglected or improved, while we are temporary off-shoots, so to speak. Also, having the ability to *think,* to do good or evil in thought, word, deed or act, as it appears, or to be indifferent. We have the opportunity to become perfect, imperfect, or to be entirely blotted out, even as a memory, and refused the privilege of a return as a part of the Great Intelligence, being simply an *absence,* which is coldness and every other miserable condition.

In appropriating the name *El Principe de Pensamiento* (The Prince of Thought) I do not attempt to assume an egotistical attitude, but rather a defiant one, and I invite any one in the fancied world, or any other fancied place, to enter upon an argument in contradiction of any of the principles I promulgate. I did not ascribe to myself the title: *Rey de Pensamiento* (King of Thought) because being a Christian (in the idealistic sense, merely), I recognize Jesus Christ as the King of Thought. He knew all that which I have said, or shall say, to you, but did not consider it His mission to tell all as plainly as I have done, and shall do. Still, a careful consideration of the parables in which He spoke (in fact is now speaking) will reveal to you the truths—*Las Verdades*—which I have set forth. There is, therefore, no controversy between His doctrine and mine.

I have explained the following:

1. Eternity, and how the "No Beginning" could be possible.

2. I have proven by incontrovertible facts set forth, that all is idealistic, and also, though purely idealistic, may yet have the semblance of material reality; how the idealistic may serve

the same requisites as if it were actually real, together with showing that there is no necessity for anything materialistic in whole or in part.

3. I have shown how what is recognized as the Original Power (yet maintaining that there is in reality neither power, force nor energy) could have efficacy and *influence,* each derivable from Intelligence, unlimited, and be capable of any imagination or imagined production, without the necessity of having to receive such a quality from some other source, the which nor either of the foregoing have hitherto been explained by anyone excepting myself. Read for yourself, and you will understand.

PREFACE.

Hitherto the entire fancied material existence has been considered mysterious, and no suggestion has been more seriously considered and hypothesized than the suggestion of the supposed physical man to himself. After the fancied demise, even of one's dearest friend, so-called, there seems to arise a most striking mystery, accompanied with fear, so that there are very few, comparatively speaking, who are not afraid of the suggested dead. That is to say, one with whom we have in fancy talked, eaten, drank and even slept during this apparent life, when he or she shall be suggested as having become lifeless, is the cause of a certain impression of fear, and why should this be true, since we know (?) the supposed individual is *"dead,"* so to speak, and can do us no harm, nor would even wish us any harm? Hence the fancied man is to himself the deepest mystery, and hitherto no other one has been able to even explain his own fancied existence. Beginning, therefore, with the explanation of how there could be a beginningless eternity, and following along the line of all other unsolved and apparently unsolvable mysteries, I take up each mystery separately, and explain as I go along. I do not perhaps dwell at length as some susceptibilities may think I should, but simply prove my position by stating *las verdades incontrovertible* (the incontrovertible truths). In arriving at these conclusions, I have not passed the questions over one-sidedly, but have in each case taken the opposite side of the debate, as it were, and wherever I have found there was place or cause for contradiction or doubt, I have passed the particular subject until I have honestly arrived at an *indisputable* solution. Now, the reason why we fear the suggested dead is because they have returned as a part of the Great Intelligence, ceasing to be mere

susceptibilities. All fancied mankind, even the suggestion of a savage fears the Great Intelligence, God, which is one of our *characteristics.*

My introduction and my climax are supported by the meanings of two fancied words, respectively, and my solution of the all important problem, namely: *Eternidad* (*Eternity*), is found in one word, so called, which is often heard in the fancied school where *philosophy* (?) is apparently taught. Were I to mention these three words without a complete discussion; one leading to the other, you might or you might not fully comprehend their significance. They must follow in the path of the discussion as the necessity for complete solution or explanation arises, in order that there may be no *doubt*, or even the possibility of a doubt as to the real facts.

I claim that all supposed mysteries are clearly explained in the following comment, and that there is no mystery excepting in the misconception of the other susceptibilities. Apropros of this statement, the suggestion of a dog might look up at the suggestion of a man, and wonder why the man is above him, and because the dog could not explain *why*, it would say: "Well, there is a mystery about the man." Then you might take the other view and say the suggestion of a dog is capable of killing the suggestion of a man at will, notwithstanding all the man's fancied superiorty. Likewise then the suggestion of a man might say there is a mystery connected with the ability of the dog to kill him. We go still lower, in our fancy, into the supposed animal kingdom, and we find the apparently dull, stupid and almost lifeless worm, one, for example, having a poisonous quality. This worm, so called, may be infinitismally small, or the suggestion of a mere germ, which even the highest fancied medical skill fails to define, locate or exterminate, and the best fancied microscope fails to reveal, and yet it has the apparently mysterious power to kill the man. What is this power, and wherein is the mystery? This and far more than this is fully explained in the following discussion which is based upon hypotheses so comprehensive that further argument fails to disprove them,

or even to question their correctness. The mystery subsides in appalling insignificance before this everlasting sermon of truth, and man, so called, hitherto in doubt as to his origin, advancement, present status and future fate, knows what he is, was and ever will be; free from the burden of false doctrines, conflict of doctrines, fear and doubt. Unfettered thus, he lives in the higher realm of a knowing instead of a doubting susceptibility.

In promulgating the idea that idealism is the real fact, it may be well to state here for the benefit of those penuriously inclined, or the mercenary, that no loss may be sustained or anticipated through a belief in the doctrine. Create for me an idealistic apparent entity, and create for you (in greater fancy, nevertheless), a material, real entity. You will come to me in the fancied lapse of days, weeks, or years, and tell me your real idol, if such it were considered, has mouldered into dust, and disappeared, but my mental *ideal,* created in my sacred and sincere thought, will still be before me visible and lasting, and I will carry that idol throughout eternity. It is not the apparent physical form that lives, even in your accepted doctrines of the existence of matter. It is the character, another name for quality, that lives in the suggestion of a Christ, a Washington, or a Lincoln. We worship not the apparent physical they seemingly bore, or exhibited, but the everlasting truths they and each of them apparently lived by, and spread broadcast throughout the realm of thought. If the stability of the suggested material part were called in question, all would with one accord acknowledge and declare that it mattered not whether there were in reality physical or idealistic entities, and it matters not now whether or not there be physical entities. If in thought there be a creation of the suggestions of things which would serve the purpose of the fancied appetites, tastes, hopes and ambitions, what difference does it make whether they are real and tangible objects or not? You have been told and you know that a mental creation will outlive a physical one, so called, and you have seen that the life, so to speak, and the characters of the suggested departed have stretched on and beyond the

apparent distances gained by their supposed physical entities, also in your most cherished hopes and desires, your longings and your ambitions, you find that when the mental capacity is thoroughly satiated, the supposed physical entity becomes of no consequence. Likewise when the mental condition is hopeless, the fancied body is disposed of by the suggestion of suicide, proving that the thought is the *all*. So were it possible to sever the head of a fancied individual from its fancied body, and the fancied head were still satisfied that the body was still connected as before, could there possibly be any difference in the realizations of the satisfying effects which might come to the entire body? This will become more apparent as you leisurely read the argument in the suggestion of a book following.

Now, a suggestion and perhaps thousands of suggestions (in fancy, nevertheless) may come to the susceptibilities. It will be asked by some susceptibilities why or how can he write and publish a book if the book is not a real thing? In order to reach the uninformed, and cause him to see the truth, you must first approach him with that which he believes. It is the universal belief of all materialists that there are such things as books, and in no other way could the truth be brought to them excepting through a medium which they recognized as a medium, the same as an apparently physical Christ coming among fancied men and women. Yet the simple fact that one believes there exists such a thing as a book would in no wise alter the truth that there is not. The frightened susceptibility, wandering in the suggestion of a dark basement, will see all sorts of imaginary things which he really *knows* are not there, and will become in some cases so badly frightened that he will lose his apparent life through fear of the hideous imaginary monsters, ghosts, and so forth. When you begin, as it were, to read this suggestion of a book you will at first in fancy see and believe and appreciate it as though it were a real tangible thing, but I venture the assurance that no susceptibility who carefully considers the ideas herein and hereinafter set forth, regardless of his faith in material entities, will ever again believe in the doctrine of the existence of material. I venture

further to assure you that a careful consideration of the discussions and explanations herein found will also forever banish from your thought the belief that there is any such thing as *time* or *place*. You will find that all fancied place or places are the same, and that all the supposed universe with all its fancied congregations and aggregations of stars and worlds and planets, together with all the fancied beings, animate and inanimate, are so devoid of volume that all could be placed in the suggestion of the head of a pin hollowed, and that after all had been therein placed there would be still as much room in that hollowed pin head as there was before either had been placed therein. In other words, the fancied creation does not depend upon space, nor does it find its suggestions, its beauty, its satisfying effects in quantity, but dispenses with every *iota* of supposed tangible things, of fancied space, and glories in its ability to make every apparent thing from nothing. Who would dare say that an eternal or powerful entity could be a tangible thing without the necessity of having received its being from some other source? And hence, upon no other hypothesis than the non-existence of material can even the Original Power, so called, be explained. I simply laugh in cheerful mood at the misconceptions of the fancied men of brains. I tremble sometimes, as it were, fearing that even yet before I bring to you my ideas in the way in which you, in your fancied realizations, would receive them, that some other susceptibility may anticipate me, and thereby deprive me of the honor of being the first to know and tell the real truth about the apparent mysteries. You will also find that there is no such thing as lapse of time, all time, so called, being the same, but in the words used in my introduction and illustrations given, you will comprehend the reason for the apparent lapse thereof. In making these deductions, I remove every limit or restriction from the cause of the suggestion, and admit the possibility of every imagination, limitless, boundless and eternal as the suggestion of endless space. Removing, therefore, every restriction, we can well remove the necessity for a creation, the existence of space and the actual passing of time; because, even according to that

which we have observed as apparently tangible beings, the human mind, so called, is capable of living a million years in one second of supposed time, even under the fancied morbid condition of a dream. Since, then, the supposed human mind is capable of receiving the suggestion of the passing of a million years in a second why not billions as well? For I have, as I said above, removed every restriction. The only questions then are as follows: How can eternity, particularly a no beginning, be possible? What is the underlying cause of all the apparent realities which I have denominated mere suggestions? How did the original power, so to speak, receive, or have its unlimited efficacy, without the necessity of receiving it from some other source co-equal therewith, at least? Read the book, as fancied.

Any reasonable thought would ask the reason why I had gone into a discussion of these questions which have in the many myriads of fancied lapses of time caused consternation and doubt to reign supreme among the susceptibilities of this fancied existence, and I, myself, would have indulged in a fruitless task without the idea of accomplishing some great purpose, resulting in benefit to these susceptibilities. When we consider the apparent situations of the different suggested occupations of these susceptibilities, together with the fancied losses on the one hand, and the fancied gains on the other, noticing particularly the unequal distribution and the (if they were real) most criminal discrepancies, the kingship of one, the slavery of another, the wealth of one and the poverty of another, we are led to ask, *why?*

The object uppermost in my thought is and has been the *consolation* of all, and the only way in which to reach a point where all might be consoled, regardless of fancied situations, is by bringing to each and every one the truths which he in reason cannot fail to accept. In the following discussion I devote much argument to the question of consolation, it being one of the most prominent subjects dealt with, and I show by illustrations so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err." I fail to see how any one, unless he wishes to

glory in the stupidity of his own stupid misconceptions, can fail to appreciate the force of the doctrine I maintain. It is a common saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and I say here, as you will find also said later on: "This book is not for fools." I do not mean to say that every one who reads this book, and fails to agree with my ideas is a fool, but I do say that any one who after a careful consideration of the discussions, the invitations to observe the real facts as they are to us presented, together with the deductions necessarily drawn from the general observations, fails to understand the real and true situation, is deficient in the ability to reason. I may go farther and say that he would be not only deficient in his ability to reason, but absolutely blind as to what he really saw, even though he accepted as true the fancied presentations from the supposed physical world.

I am dreaming, and conscious of the fact that I am a dreamer, I have the suggestion of an awakening of these susceptibilities to the fact that all are dreaming. We have but to notice the strange pranks of fate, and give our attention to the various stages it places the susceptibility upon, and how it pulls or drives or drags one through the intricate passes of a fancied existence. Accompanied with it is the suggestion of fools in high places, and apparently standing above and in the way of noble characters full of wisdom, and *low* ones though void of every semblance thereof, honored, feted and worshipped. It suggests often the inferior as judging the superior, and they themselves violating the very principles they are sworn to advocate and promulgate, and with all the apparent advancement and civilizations, we have not as yet reached the point where we can trust each other. Prisons seem to exist, and seem to be filled with the languishing hordes of those who are supposed to have committed crimes against society, and often they are sent there by greater criminals, for we have the suggestion of a former Circuit Judge, the severest denouncer of criminals, who recently took (in fancy, however) his stripes and place along with some he sent, in fancy, to the supposed penitentiary. This can't be true, and I ask: if one imaginary

Illinois Judge is a criminal, why not many more who have not as yet been found out? I'd rather believe there were no judges at all than to believe them to be criminals—wouldn't you? Doors are supposed to be locked or barred against the intrusion of evil ones. Courts are in fancy busily engaged in trying the misdeeds of others, and even the fancied sacred ties of family unions are suggested as being daily severed through the machinery of these *righteous(?) courts?* Now and then one or more of the judges of these fancied courts is suggested as becoming insane, and yet the acts, the judgments entered by them on the same day or the day before their becoming insane are allowed to stand against the victims of their maladies and misjudgments. Now, if a man is insane today, he certainly must have been so near that point yesterday, so to speak, that he was unfit to weigh evidence concerning the person's guilt or innocence. There have been other observations and suggestions of judges becoming insane through excessive drink or other indulgences, and then becoming apparently cured (or temporarily cured of their insanity) have been allowed to sit and determine the rights and wrongs of other susceptibilities. This doctrine which I promulgate relieves the thought of such antagonistic suggestions, such unreasonable and unreliable fancied facts, and opens the vision to a situation of perfect consolation, by obliterating the erroneous doctrines and ideas from the belief of any susceptibility. Consolation therefore is fully assured through a faith in this doctrine; because we rest in the happy assurance that all is a dream, like the "Nightmare," by the suggestion of night, the "Dream of the Rarebit Fiend", and the wild and reckless deeds of the fancied bigots, fools and knaves, whom we dream are sitting in high places. Indeed it would be an eternal disgrace if all or half we dream were true.

The most ridiculous suggestion is that of a "Preacher of the Gospel," so called, standing up and assuming to tell the truths about the apparent mysteries, yet confessing that he cannot explain anything which he tells another to believe. Well, it is all a dream, and as you now proceed, you will see the mysteries unveiled, the anguish of your souls subside, doubts removed and consolation fully realized.

THE SUMMARY OF PROPOSITIONS:

WE ARE MERE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF SUGGESTIONS.

I am endeavoring to find a solution of the great problem of this suggested mysterious life, this intelligence ;one that will not be a mere theory, admitting of contradictions, but so borne out by the facts known, experiences had, or observations made by these supposed beings, that no rational thought will be left in doubt. I have found that we are mere susceptibilities of suggestions.

ETERNITY—NO BEGINNING A FACT—EXPLAINED.

An intelligence is a quality merely, capable of entertaining any number or variety of suggestions, even to the extent of seeing many worlds, living, in thought, upon them, and enjoying the varities thereof, and yet, all the intelligences in existence anywhere (and there is but one, and everywhere is here) would not require the occupancy of one *iota* of space. It has the power to build imaginary suggestions of things supposed to be material, and to tear down, in like manner, the entire supposed structures. It being a quality and nothing more, was not created; because a quality is only a non-existing nonentity, that is to say, it has no place in the class of supposed physical entities. It could not otherwise than be; for even though there were an inhabited world and an inhabited heaven, and both should be reduced to nonentities, this quality would still remain a stable possibility for the characters of a creation that might later be an entity. Quality is not confined, limited, nor clearly defined; it can, however, be appreciated through an analysis of thought. There are *degrees* of thinking efficacy among susceptibilities.

I am aware of the difficulties of my undertaking, not to understand, but to make myself understood, but when I take into consideration the benefit this unfolding of the everlasting

truths will be to those susceptibilities who are unsettled or uncertain, the number of them who will be saved from despairing of that which should be to all the sweetest condition, I anticipate with pleasure the herculean undertaking, and I suspend for a season all unnecessary supposed pleasures and indulgences; because I must now live close to my Father, Intelligence, and pray daily, nay, hourly, for light and inspiration, such as can come only into a clean and conscientious susceptibility of suggestions.

In reaching these conclusions I did not seek the aid of any supposed book, man, or woman. Truly I have had the suggestions of reading books containing the thougths, ideas, theories and doctrines of other susceptibilities, learned and otherwise, but no fancied being, living or dead, as suggested, ever gave me the slightest aid toward these deductions. I claim the idea as my own, originating in my own susceptibility of suggestions, and standing out against an array of those which would pose as overwhelmingly powerful contradictions, and I might never have caught the idea had I not been the suggestion of a Tramp, sleeping upon the supposed ground for what appeared the period of a week, and at the same time, deprived of the suggesstions of food and drink, as well as shelter. For the period of the fancied three or four days, the suggestion of hunger and thirst were experienced, but afterwards I had, in my imaginations, plenty of everything, even the suggestion of a luxurious home, wherefore I did not care to change my condition until I had the suggestion of writing the thoughts which I now give you, in order that none may be further misled to believe that there is matter existing at any place, or in any shape. I know there is not, but how can I cause you to see as I see when your thoughts are that because you see (?) and feel (?) and hear (?) and taste (?) and smell (?) these supposed things, they are and must necessarily be real. Now, were it possible to remove thought from the realm of the suggestions, they would necessarily disappear, and be no more; because they exist in thought only, but the explanation:

This is Sunday, the suggestion of Sunday, a supposed day.

I had an idea of an engagement made for this evening with a very beautiful and wealthy lady. I had looked forward to the affair with a soul full of happiness, having planned a great time, and thought of nothing save the anticipated pleasant evening with her. Early in what appeared to be the afternoon, it was suggested to me that she telephoned, stating that she would not keep the appointment, and did not intend to do so when she made it, but said she would be pleased to have me telephone her the following evening. Although I knew then(as I know now, there was no such thing as a human being in existence, I was polite, and said: "Thank you," all, however, by way of suggestion, and then the suggestion of hunger came to me. Leaving my supposed offices, I went to what was suggested to me as a restaurant, where I enjoyed the idea of a real good dinner. The suggested dinner was followed by the idea of a stroll through city streets, and a return to my offices. Now the suggestion of sleepiness comes to me, and I recline upon a supposed lounge, and instantly I find myself in a new home, at an entirely new place, a strange one, by suggestion. Absolutely all memory of all the fancied things terrestrial, my offices, my home, the lovely woman I was to have met, my legal, musical, linguistic and other knowledge of anything I had thought I knew were gone, and completely obliterated, and I was in a new home, new people, new surroundings, and even new thoughts. I journey on until I reach a place that suggests itself as a hotel or lodging house, and apply for accommodations, and am greeted in a language I had never had the suggestion of hearing, and yet I understood it. I was conducted to a large room in which were located a number of small beds, and told to take my choice. I took the one nearest the archway which led to a sort of chapel where a great choir was singing, also in a language I had never heard, and yet I understood everything they sang, knowing what they meant, at least. No other person occupied the room with me. I saw no other person in there while I was present. I disrobed, retired and slept there while still asleep in my supposed office. I was daily awakened by this, the sweetest music imaginable, the vocal part being

the most prominent; I heard the distinct voices of men, the distinct voices of women; I saw no children there at any time. The great choir seemed to sing incessantly on, in this strange language (one I did not know, although I have the suggestion of being able to speak in, at least four different tongues, and correctly). I understood all the singing. and all that was said to me by the many people I met there. In all my existence as a whatever I am, I never got along more pleasantly, or with as little effort. The language was neither Spanish, English, German or French, all of which I have the suggestion of being able to speak, read and write. It was not Latin, one which I once thought I knew, and think I know much of yet. It was not like any language I have ever heard, and I was not at all surprised to find myself able to converse in it. There were no books or papers there. There were no leaders or bosses there, but every one acted according to his or her own liking, and all acted properly, as far as I could see. There were no doors nor locks, nor safes, nor ownerships, but everything belonged to everybody. There was no lack of harmony anywhere, while the grand choir incessantly sang.

Now, which was real, the former or latter set of suggestions; one was as apparently real as the other, and as plain. Could I fall asleep while still sleeping, and could I awake while yet asleep? Am I capable of two existences, distinctly separate ones—of being and not being, at different times? If both were real, neither was false, and if one was false, though as plain as the other, why could not also the other be false? There was not the slightest difference between them as to the apparent reality of suggestions, and I was very careful to observe, and did observe my surroundings, testing myself to see if I was dreaming as I would now if some one would bring me a supposed letter, stating that I had inherited ten millions of dollars. I was in my right mind and careful to notice all and everything (fancied as here) I came in contact with. Here it may be well to say: A real suggestion came to me that I might be dreaming, and I applied the strong-

est test, simply to find that I was firmly bound in that also mysterious (?) realm of new suggestions. How could I be there and not there, and above all, how could I hear the *strange* language, unless the same was made audible to my supposed ear, the avenue of my suggestion of hearing? By no process of thinking could I have created a strange language, or the voices of singers of different sexes, nor could I have created a house on an entirely different plan from any that had ever been suggested to me, or gone to sleep therein while still sleeping in my supposed office here. Let us now consider the question of time: It was about five o'clock P. M. when I lay on the lounge, losing sight, simultaneously, of all suggestions terrestrial, something unusual for me, even in the night time, when the suggestion of sleepiness bears most heavily upon me, and before two minutes had passed, I was awake again in this supposed existence, notwithstanding I had remained at the other place twenty-one days and an equal number of nights sleeping, waking, sleeping and waking again and again, seeing, hearing, talking with people, eating, drinking and becoming acquainted with people in different walks of life. There were, however, no lawyers, or liars, there, there being no need of them, and I did not even remember that I was the suggestion of one.

The food was prepared by women exclusively, and the condition of each of the many places I visited was perfect neatness and order. I talked in this strange language with them. I understood all that was said to me, and I also prayed often in that strange existence, as I now pray daily, hourly, and sometimes momentarily for Divine guidance. I was welcome there not being treated in any way as a stranger, the men and the women being of the highest order, well-dressed and intelligent. Why the music? Why the people? Why there and here at the same time? Were both real? *Neither*.

Let us suppose that I had never returned to this supposed way of living and thinking, and had remained there, continuing eternally in the other, as I have above said; apparently equally real in every particular would not the supposed tangible

things apparently existing there have been as real to me as those I had thought I saw and enjoyed here? Fortunately, I did not change my faith in the doctrine I now promulgate even while there; for I knew then, as I know now, that there is not, nor was there ever anything tangible in existence. Such could not possibly be true, but let us go along farther with the ideas as they support my contention:

Whence came I, and whither am I going? What am I here for, and what is any one here for? Could not the supposed world, if world there were, exist without us, and do we, or have we ever done, or can we ever do anything that even in our strongest imaginations will or can last? Did I know anything when I came, and has not all I know, or profess to know, or imagine I know (which latter is the fact), been derived from the suggestion of sound, light, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting, feeling or seeing? Had I neither of these *intangible* avenues to suggestions, could I even believe I know anything now? Had I the suggestion of feeling the supposed Masonic Temple falling upon me, it would fall, but if it were not possible to convince me otherwise, the fancied Masonic Temple, if it were real, might fall upon me, and I would not feel it; because I did not believe it did so; it is only what one can be made to believe that is true to him. Nothing can exist independent of the thought that creates it, nor can we think of that which is not suggested to the susceptibility. Tell me, then, how you can establish the reliability, and for them, or either of these fancied means of conveyance of suggestions any degree of reality, when it is true that in an instant they can be completely nullified, leaving the susceptibility open and free to entirely new suggestions, as apparently real and thoroughly convincing to the materialist; such as a new world, with new customs, and a language unlike any the linguist has ever heard, yet having the suggested ability to understand and be understood therein as though educated in the same? To have continued in that fancied existence would have been to have lost entirely all thought of, or recollection of, this supposed one, including the beautiful and

wealthy woman, a suggestion as disappointing as all others to him who considers them, or any of them, real. Thus did the eternity always maintain, living in the great intelligence which ever was, creating in the idealistic sense, destroying likewise, and even creating the suggestion of time, space and form, but there is in reality neither; for all the time is now, all space is here, and all form is no form, and everything is the one thing, to-wit: Intelligence; that intelligence is God, and we are as much a part of God as God is a part of itself, or himself, as you may be pleased to term it.

THIS APPARENT LIFE NOT REAL—EXPLAINED.

In this supposed age of wonderful happenings, many questions suggest themselves to the world of thought for solution. I say the world of thought; because the world exists only in thought. Remove thought, and you have no world. In this discussion, I admit nothing, not even that there ever was a thinking intelligence in this world of thought prior to my individual advent herein (I mean by suggestion) I have always been here; always being *now,* and there could not have been a beginning, as there is no time to begin, time, as hereinbefore stated, being also a mere suggestion. I deny that I exist, excepting as a mere susceptibility of magnetic intelligence, which caused this supposed myself to believe that I was a child, a boy, a youth and a man, which latter suggestion would now control did I not know better than to be so convinced. Now I am positive I do not exist excepting as a mere susceptibility of suggestions, or an intelligence, which I have above said, is a mere quality, in this case: a quality to receive suggestions of fancied material things which cannot possibly exist, as you will find discussed here.

I appear to myself as a child, knowing nothing. I do not wonder, ponder or think over any responsibility of my existence, so considered and now suppose I depart this suggested life immediately, I would not and could not know I was ever here. If I am something as a child, I should know it, but I do not, and must necessarily pass as nothing into the

realm of nothingness. Where else would I go? My supposed body is a supposed entity. I am something, yet nothing, and having done nothing to merit favor or deserving of punishment, and having no sense of any wrong done to understand a punishment that might be inflicted upon me, and no intelligence whereby to act my part in heaven, or to know any one there, it would be but meaningless to me. This clearly shows that the supposed child is a mere fancied thing. The fact is: I know nothing; because I am nothing as a child, and I become apparently something through the suggestion of growth and other suggestions. In other words the thoughts make me. I cannot make the thoughts, and it were possible to at any time reduce me to a second childhood, by simply removing the suggestions, not the fancied eyes. Then, I again am nothing; because I know nothing, nor can I appreciate any surroundings.

WHAT IS THIS LIFE?

I have suggestions of men, beasts, insects, "Creeping things and flying fowls." They all seem to use the same life which I do, and it further seems to me that were there decemdecillions more of such supposed beings, there would be life enough for all of them to employ. I have the further suggestions of vegetable and mineral things, which do not seem to have consciousness, but, nevertheless, enjoy and employ a sort of life; they appear to rise, flourish and decay the same as the fancied animals. There is a something which I cannot see or define (when I reason from a material standpoint) or reconcile to the dogmas that have been suggested to me as truths. It has been suggested that after certain of them have moved and had their beings in this life, that one by one they drop off, and are seen and known no more, but still I remain. It may be to them, those susceptibilities (if susceptibilities they be) that I have dropped off and that they remain. I cannot know sufficiently well to be positive that I am really the same susceptibility I was in the eternal now, magnified by suggestion into time, and calling for a

system of reckoning as to measure thereof. I am, however, satisfied that all time and eternity are now. Let us, for the sake of argument, say these fancied beings do really exist, and I ask: Have they or either of them, individualized, or can they or either of them or I individualize or make permanent as their or my own this life, or even the thoughts thereof we have seemed to enjoy? I mean this susceptibility. Now, look around for some object lesson among the many suggestions, and you fail to find any conclusive proof, or any proof whatever that defies argument, or even contradiction, if your conclusions be based upon the theory of the existence of matter. It matters not how liberal you may be in the manner of your reasoning, or how much you may exercise that unbounded faith in a Supreme Intelligence (not necessarily individualized), you cannot upon the theory that matter exists explain anything, and the mere undertaking to explain how there could be a no beginning or a no ending brings you to a hopeless end, and you can only accept all as self-evident facts (?). There are no self-evident facts. Everything that might be could be explained, but there being *nothing*, you cannot explain upon the idea that there is something.

"THE BIBLE," A MERE SUGGESTION.

There is the suggestion of the book called the Bible, in which I fancy I read: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and afterwards created he man after his own image." "In the beginning," observe you. In the beginning of what? We must do away with the idea of a beginning to avoid the erroneous doctrine of "cause and effect"; for if a beginning were necessary there would necessarily have to be a beginning of the creative power, if creation there were. I claim there has been no creation, and therefore no need of a beginning, this quality: Intelligence being an eternal idealistic power, having even the ability to make an instant appear billions of years always was, as a *quality* merely, and could not otherwise than have been. It

did not create anything; because there was no necessity, as the enjoyment of an imaginary entity is lacking in nothing found in the enjoyment of one that might be real, and it is an indubitable truth that nothing could have been created without first having to create the creator. A superior could not be the creature of an inferior in the first instance, and we cannot get away from the fact that nothing cannot make something; because there would be nothing even to exercise a thought of how or in what manner it was to be made. It is, therefore, safe to rely upon the idea of an intelligence always existing as a mere quality, capable of unlimited imaginations and suggestions, causing the idealistic to appear as real, and who is the loser thereby? No one—no susceptibility.

This supposed Bible continues: That God created man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; that he was created full size, and did not rise through the various stages from birth to manhood, as it has been suggested that I and other suggested human beings have had to do; that afterwards a woman was created, but not in the manner of creating the man. A rib from his side while he was asleep was the medium, the material necessary, and these two were to live forever in a place called "The Garden of Eden." Now, I ask, did any story ever appear more unreasonable? No, when we look at it from a material standpoint, but when from an idealistic point of view it is studied, it seems about the way this great intelligence would amuse itself by indulging in its creative power from an imaginary standpoint; for we are not to separate the ideal man from the ideal God; it is the characteristic of this intelligence to enjoy entertainment, as for instance: the suggestions of music, beauty, love, etc., otherwise there would be no way of asserting its virtues. They could not be unless they were, and all go to make up the everlasting whole, one continuous round of joy—this is the heaven part suggested to the susceptibility, and is pleasant. The grewsome tale of the fancied Cain killing Able may also be accepted in the idealistic sense, to show the difference between low and high

and noble purpose of thought and fancied action, and that sweet, peaceful rest and satisfaction which come through the idea of love and sacrifice, opening the way to the climax of all the most glorious anticipations: being in love—in love with a susceptibility, an ideal part of God—God. That is the sweetest of all, a direct proof that the idealistic is the real, the goal to which all point, and all other supposed entities being sacrificed, even trampled over to reach.

THE INFIDEL IN ERROR—I AM A CHRISTIAN.

Lest my fellow susceptibilities should decide from the foregoing that I am an infidel, I here and now solemnly assure you that I am not. I am a Christian, believing firmly in God, Jesus Christ, in heaven and in hell doctrines (in the *idealistic* sense), and yet, if you will follow me along I shall prove to you conclusively and beyond the peradventure of a doubt that there is not a tangible thing in existence, nor is there any need of the existence of matter of any kind or quality.

Returning now to the great question: "What is this life?", and digressing a little from the original theme, I have some truths to call to the attention of this world of thought (I might add, universe of thought); because thought is unbounded, is everywhere, and as I have said above, everywhere is here, and here is nowhere at all. If we may call it *life,* that comprehends the entire mystery. Limited (apparently) in the weakness of their own infirmities (if I may presume there are other susceptibilities besides this fancied *myself,* although it is possible that I am the only one in existence), there must come from the fountain head of thought the true idea explanatory of this apparently (to some) strange situation, and for the sake of argument let us (if other susceptibilities there be) imagine ourselves as standing upon a supposed seashore, noticing the mighty waves as they roll, and the breakers as they dash upon the shore. In fancy we stand or sit in thoughtful mood. It has been suggested that whether aimlessly or otherwise, they have been rolling there for centuries, nay, thousands, perhaps millions of years. The regu-

larity of their rise and fall, and the rising and falling of the tide suggest a former plan; a premeditation at some source, by some intelligent power, but we cannot explain. If it be in the fancied night time, we look upward and behold the numberless stars, and if in season, the "Silvery Moon." Our supreme nothingness is readily suggested, and we know not how it or any of it can be. The ordinary mind passes the great panorama as a mere matter of course, and does not even burden his thought with the simple "reason why." There is, my brother, a reason for every suggestion, and no one is meaningless. If we would see the beauty, the glory and the power in these suggestions, we must think. It is very easy to get in touch with the Intelligence which suggests them to us; because we are component parts of the same, the idealistic whole, admitting of no separation—permanent, at least. The fancied parts of the floating sea nettle may be in our imagination severed, yet each swims on, a real nettle, and whether apparently united or dismembered, maintain their sympathy, and eventually come together again, and thus I believe this great Intelligence has the quality of separating itself for the fancied seasons, but still holds its wandering parts in a union by means of a certain sympathy, one of the characteristics of its power, its omnipotence, its omnipresence. In other words, the power is not in any way limited in the making any supposed thing to appear as real, to act or to do. When we say unlimited it means the possibility of anything, even a real appearing, and to *all necessary purposes*, the pictured creation of things material were it necessary to cause them so to appear. Having then accorded the Intelligence unlimited power, we may proceed with mere *reason* why the supposed existence of matter is an ill-conceived idea, and the apparently mysterious theatre cannot be explained upon any other hypothesis.

The susceptibility, fully convinced that it sees things real while in the position above mentioned, is invited to don a diving outfit, and imagine itself as descending to the depths below the surface where roll the mighty waves. Here all is calm; a new set of dreams come: Cities, land-

scapes, mysterious devils and slimy things heave in view. Visions of the ancient revels of the ages past are suggested, and the astounded individual may see the dancing of the gay parties who went down in supposed death as some ancient gallant ship in fancy sunk from view into the gaping jaws of the mighty deep. These and far more than these visions come, and they are apparently real, and so are those appearing above the fancied surface only real in appearance. A new world has appeared, and even the rippling of the waves is unheard. You imagine you rise to the surface, and other suggestions come. For example, you sit upon the sand, counting the numberless grains or particles thereof. Then a thought suggests itself to you: did some being separate these many grains of sand or did they by chance find their individual forms? Could it be possible, and is it in any way reasonable that such should be true, or have been true, and if so, for what reason? The sand belongs, according to suggestion, to the mineral kingdom, and has no life. Having no life, it could not have created itself, neither could it have given to itself any form, or placed itself where it is supposed to be, and could not have been itself in its first place of location, wherever that was, and what place could there have been for it to be before it came there, and how could it have been made of nothing? How could it have been there always without having first come from some source unmade? Is it not more reasonable to believe it is not there, as thereby we dispense with the impossible suggestions without dispensing with the pleasure of seeing, in fancy, nevertheless, the beautiful sand, the beautiful sea, stars and moon. Since we enjoy the idealistic entities, what more can we need or desire?

THE DOCTRINE OF "CAUSE AND EFFECT" ERRONEOUS.

In the effort to explain the apparent mysteries of this fancied existence, certain susceptibilities have reached the erroneous conclusion that matter being an effect, there must necessarily have been a cause—a cause for every effect, but no idea was ever more absurd; for if every effect must have

a cause, the original cause being the effect of some preceding cause would carry us back to a causeless effect, making the creation of anything not only non-existing fact, but an impossibility, as something would have to have made the first cause. Thus, you see, it is clear that there being always a quality, which I have named Intelligence, needing no creation and not being subject to a creation is the only plausible explanation, and that quality would necessarily have to be nothing in a tangible sense. How that quality came about it is not necessary to inquire; because as we shall further explain, a quality is a mere readiness for the reception of what might be, though it never came. Another may ask: Where did the quality get its intelligence, and I answer: That is the quality itself, and already has it.

No, we cannot by any system of logic show how, why, or give any reason why anything tangible exists, and now let us see if we can, through a discussion of the various suggestions, reconcile ourselves to the only safe conclusion that all is imaginary.

FURTHER PROOF LIFE IS NOT REAL.

We have seen that no individual (suggested) whether mankind, beast, bird, insect, or even an apparently inanimate one, ever permanently appropriated any part of this mysterious (?) life to himself, or itself, but simply afforded the suggestion of having used it for a time, then loosing hold thereof, disappeared. Now, as this life remains to be further utilized by other individuals, would it not be more reasonable to believe that the supposed individual was a mere reflection from the life, a mere picture, than to believe the individual existed as a tangible thing? It is incontrovertibly true that the part of the life which the supposed individual enjoyed, according to suggestion, was not individualized, and *a fortiori*, was not *propertyized*. It is equally true that the great fountain of life was not in any manner impaired by the use thereof, as it appeared. The reflection, like the picture upon the supposed canvas, disappears, and another seems to take

its place. A picture is not tangible, we all admit, although many pictures seem to be. Life flows on in an unbroken, beginningless and endless stream, regardless of how many fancied beings take hold or let go thereof. It cannot be a tangible, real thing, or even created thing or power; because a thing created must have a creator behind it to give it power, and it is therefore more reasonable to believe it is one of the suggestions of this Intelligence, the quality to make all things appear, be or suggest themselves in any conceivable form. Life seems to be the power which is the fancied individual.. Its absence makes the blushing rose fade and decay, the giant oak to be reduced to nothingness, and the beautiful Venus and Adonis to cease their careers of conquest of the hearts of men and women, as suggested, and to become, in fancy, food for the hideous monsters of the field and forest, or the slothful worms of the earth. He who today rules millions of supposed people, if it be suggested that life departs from him tonight, will be tomorrow as a mere shadow, which, in fact, he really was in the first instance—all is simply a passing picture in the great idealistic drama. Not one vestige of his supposed power it was fancied he had remains, and the lifeless shadow fades, and goes, where? It goes to nothing, which it always was. He has not individualized this life. Now, it would appear that life was everything, and even though we were to concede that, we would still be safe in our position, that no matter exists; for life is not matter, but we go still farther, and place even life in the category of suggestions, it being one of the reflections of the great quality, or the medium of the suggestion of moving pictures merely. Some are apparently moving pictures, and others are apparently stable for a time, but they all seem to move at some suggested stage, and even if the suggestion of an irresistable force would appear to come in contact with an immovable object, there would be, at least, suggested annihilation or assimilation. All are in the great passing show of phantoms, and have no abiding place, there being no place in which to

abide. Shadows are not substances, though they so appear, and therein should a lesson be taught to the thoughtful.

IF LIFE WERE REAL, IT WOULD BE THE SOUL.

Were we to accept the theory that there is *matter,* and if we claim a separate soul and a separate body, as to fancied human beings, at least, we must admit that the soul is the mind, and cannot get away from that. It must also be admitted that the mind depends upon the fancied brain, the health of the brain, and even though there were a brain as apparently large as the suggestion of the Atlantic Ocean, if it be deranged, or abnormal, the mind would not be a reliable guide, it succumbs to the slightest irregularities, as it were, and to destroy in fancy the brain, would mean to destroy the mind—there being then the condition: *no brain, no mind,* and yet there is apparent life, if only the lower part of the brain be removed. To remove the upper part, is to remove life, also, or at least, intelligent life, so that without the fancied brain, no knowledge can be in the individual, so called. At this point it seems to me that if there were a separate soul, it would then assert itself, but it does not, and the fancied individual passes from the world of thought *forever;* for there has not even been the suggestion of any one's returning when once gone; unless it were Jesus Christ, and I shall dispose of that question herein. Life, then, maintaining itself in its unlimited quantity, but varying, nevertheless, in quality, depending upon the fancied individual, man, beast, bird or insect, temporarily using it. If there were a permanent thing, it would be life, and life only, and now the question arises: can life be individualized, or permanently separated into parts from the composite whole, and claimed by any supposed being as a perpetuity? All apparent nature, as suggested, proves conclusively that it cannot be, and although millions, probably trillions, of individuals of the fancied animal kingdom take hold and let go of it every supposed day, the great fountain is not in the least diminished. If, therefore, what we have been taught by suggestion, and what we

have thought was true, were true, forever lost in nothingness be the soul of man. No, this suggestion of man will be saved, but in the strictly idealistic sense, and but neither as a body nor a soul, but as a part of the Great Intelligence.

I am endeavoring to make clear to the supposed man how he can and will be saved and be happy forever, to give him a permanent existence in the condition of eternal happiness, and it is my purpose to make the stronger his faith, as he as a shadow flits through the realm of consciousness, but who will be seen appearing to let go of this supposed life, as the suggestion of a tangibility, and lost even as a suggestion to the remaining susceptibilities, for a time, at least. I cannot save the fancied man if I have to proceed along the theory of the existence of matter; because the very highest point of argument hitherto reached in that theory makes the effect depend upon a cause. There was no cause, the eternal quality being eternal, making possible eternity. Why do not those who seem to cling to the idea of a material body being raised from the dead but heed the gentle suggestion of the apparition, Jesus Christ, who, in fancy, said: "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." It is a wonder that some susceptibility did not catch the proper thought therefrom, and abandon the erroneous and impossible theories. Truly flesh and blood cannot enter; because there are none. The doctrine of cause and effect of itself destroys the very foundation of the idea of the existence of matter, of body and soul, as it were, and leaves a doubt as to any kind of permanent existence, making infidels of those who know these erroneous ideas cannot be true, and yet cannot explain, or find a solace through the idealistic as now they may have the pleasure of doing. No one who reads this suggestion of a book can afterwards be an infidel, or in any way disturbed as to the future, when all time is now, and we, all of us, simply flow on as a part of the Great Intelligence, creating time and eternity in thought as we go. There is, therefore, only one theory by which all the seemingly mysterious things can be explained, and that is:

Dreaming must be explained by dreaming, and cannot be in any other way; for as I have said *supra,* I have both slept and dreamed while still asleep and dreaming. I have watched the changes, and noted carefully the contradictions until I am fully convinced that I cannot be mistaken, and you will find reasons for such conviction herein:

In connection with dreaming, we must associate fancied life, as a change is necessary, in the argumentative sense notwithstanding the fact that we are dreaming all the time, so to speak, but you will find herein that there is neither time nor space, intelligence requiring none; space being only a suggestion.

To the passing old supposed cable car system I owe one of the best illustrations of what life is; and comparing the supposed living things with the cars it seemed to draw, we find the suggestion of the cable a valuable supporter of my declarations. Let us suppose the fancied cable running along under the suggested earth is as life. It moves and gives action and motion apparently to all cars that may be properly hitched thereto. As long as the fancied car is properly attached to the cable, it moves with force and speed, but when the cable is dropped the car becomes a dead object, apparently, and would never again move, unless an onlooking susceptibility had the suggestion that it was again hitched to the fancied cable, or propelled by some other fancied force. Like the suggestion of all other fancied things, including man, beast, bird and insect, those animate and inanimate, so called, it will decay, pass and disappear, as all other pictures in the drama of thought. Thus do we, as susceptibilities, take hold, in our imaginings, take hold of the cable, the suggestion of life, but when we let go the cable, life, we are no more. Our fancied friends, or the fancied public, bury us in the suggestions of graves, in their and our thoughts, and we soon disappear even as dust, so imagined. Forever gone from us these susceptibilities (if more than my own there be) and

it may be that I am discussing this subject only to myself, in order to convince myself, and ere I shall have finished, I may disappear from myself into the realm of the unthinking in an independent sense, and become an undiscernable part of the great intelligence; because I consider nothing strange or impossible. All I have is my power to reason, and without reason there is no thought. If this be too deep for the ordinary understanding, let the sage susceptibilities explain and discontinue the old and foolish doctrines which bind you to the faith in self-evident truths. There are no self-evident truths. Truth is truth, and it can always be explained.

Referring to the supposed human body, it is necessary while we have the suggestions that we live in such, that some means of consolation be found especially in regard to the salvation of the fancied soul and souls of the departed friends. It is hoped that all will live forever, and that we shall meet again, know and be known. This we shall do, but not as individuals. We have, however, a long way to go through the intricate paths of logic, philosophy and practical common sense in order to reach the stubbornly ignorant, and to compel those to admit the truth, who for the suggestion of ease or gain would keep the duller susceptibilities in ignorance of the consoling truth that there is nothing about which to worry or to be alarmed. What may be accepted as proof by one or more, may be rejected by others for an apparent time, but it is truth that wins.

All the wisdom of the fancied ages has failed to bring forth an argument or a theory not open to flat contradiction, so that when the suggestion of an infidel has spoken out against the unreasonable dogmas held to be true, the suggestions of preachers, unable to show the seekers after the truth wherein the infidel was wrong, simply answered: "You are a liar, or a fool," but could not tell wherein the fancied infidel was either. I do not call the infidel a liar or a fool, but give him credit for coming as near to the truth as his limited suggestion of wisdom permitted, and not being able to

explain his position; because he thought he had to cling to material doctrines, he simply aroused the anger or bitter resentment of those who, even though they knew the infidel was honest in his convictions, and more right than the preachers, so called. Those who have relied upon inspiration have so mixed up truth, through fear of popular prejudice, or the inability to catch the proper thoughts as they came, have advanced such unreasonable theories, as have driven men and women (supposed to exist as such), willing to be led, into dire uncertainty, hopelessness and eventually, infidelity; for how can one believe that which he knows is not true. He is told that he will live forever, and notices others like himself dying every suggestion of a day; told that his soul is independent of his body, and looking about to find his soul, he discovers that it is what is suggested as his mind, if it be anything, and as I have aforesaid, the mind cannot act independently of the body, as to an individual, if I may be permitted to argue from a material standpoint, in order to make you understand what I mean. Here it may be well to say, that where a reference is made to a material thing, I mean supposed, or fancied material thing. Finally, the individual finds his own fancied life ebbing away, and soon all is lost to him, even as a susceptibility.

As a further proof of the dependency of the soul (or mind), so to speak, attention is directed to the apparent fate of the late Frank Howard Collier, a susceptibility of a brilliant lawyer. It was suggested that he was struck upon his head a blow which disordered his brain, and from that time on his actions proved that his mind was assuming apparently erroneous conclusions; often he was uncontrollable, losing all sense of propriety, and acting like the suggestion of a mad man. There was, in fact, no Frank Howard Collier, only a suggestion for practical study of the various entertainments of the Intelligence. If there had been a Frank Howard Collier and he had a separate soul, why did not the soul come to the rescue, and save him from an untimely supposed death, as well as to guide him in the rules of society

which demand that all lawyers be gentlemen at all times and in all places. No, there are no lawyers, but as long as we think there are, we have nothing to lose thereby. Why should a man (if man there were), being possessed of wisdom in the fullest extent today, become an unconscious nothing tomorrow, if it be not because the suggestions only afford his fancied being, including, of course, the suggestion that he is an entity? He goes, a hopeless wreck, to an apparent end, simply because he cannot think, and so would the supposed world go out of fancied existence did the susceptibilities cease to think of it as such. I have been arguing as if in the concrete, but remember I believe all is in the abstract, and in fact there is nothing to be anywhere, nor anywhere for anything to be. The body and soul of man are now both lost in nothingness, but I do not leave them there, but save the soul, so called, in the idealistic sense, and no other. Outside of that, there is no hope.

THEORIES.

Some theories have been advanced by my fellow wandering and misguided susceptibilities (if *others* there be) that they will be brought together at what is looked forward to as Judgment Day; a day long anticipated, and as sure not to come as it is useless and impossible; for should it be true that all the fancied bodies of the departed and those yet to depart were to meet in any one place, how could they find standing, sitting, or even flying room, and how, in the name of common sense could they all be present around one throne, and see one individual in one particular place on one and the same day, or in billions of days? That story alone should be enough to lead all to idealism, even though the story were believed. A part of A's body is grafted on B, and later he is eaten by C, a cannibal, becoming a part of his body. The former two bodies becoming a part of the body of C, the cannibal, who is eaten by numerous other cannibals, becoming parts of their bodies; Now, who's body would it be? Well, each body is supposed to undergo a complete

change once every seven years, rendering it no one's body, but let us go a little farther: These latter cannibals are, in our imaginations, eaten by the worms of the earth, the worms of the earth eaten by still other worms, and so on *ad infinitum;* until a fancied dynamite blast, or an eruption of the earth reduces the worms, the result of many supposed generations, to nothingness. Where is your body for the "resurrection," or the reconstruction? Such is an illustration of the misguidance of those who believe in the Judgment Day theory. I cannot see how even a fool could believe such a doctrine. I would have you keep in mind that I am not an infidel, but I am an idealist. I remember the suggestion to the ancient (but ancient is only a suggestion) scribes (in thought) by the Blessed Christ (pictured as purity) that there would be a *new body.* If a new body, it would not be the old one, and is it not reasonable to believe, that even if he was quoted correctly (I am maintaining the idealistic, remember) that an astral (phantom) body was meant? Let us digress again, and imagine ourselves as reading the notes of a supposed modern court reporter, learned in the system of shorthand, and notice how many mistakes he in fancy makes, and is it not reasonable to surmise that if there had been scribes who wrote many years after the supposed words of Christ were spoken, that they would have made still greater mistakes? No, there were no scribes, no natural Christ, only a suggestion of the power of the Great Intelligence. There never was a supposed speaker, even in your ideas of material orators, whose discourse was correctly reported by the best available, fancied, stenographer. The new body, intangible as the old, we may accept such as being true, might be around the fancied throne, and decemdecillions might at the same time there assemble; because intangibility requires no space, and all would be as one suggestion from the Great Intelligence, a part of it—*it,* there being, as I have aforesaid, no limit to the imaginings, fancied sceneries, sounds, glories and supposed realizations of all and every quality or kind. I would not confuse my fellow susceptibilities, nor condemn

them. It is not my purpose to encourge the ideas of infidelity. I believe in everything that pertains to the perpetuation of the everlasting soul, so called, but descant the idea of a unit in the eternal, or independent ideality, even to the exclusion of a sympathetic juncture with the Almighty Intelligence which causes us to enjoy, in thought, nevertheless, the beauties of a fancied creation.

We find ourselves, in fancy, here in this mysterious existence, seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, but it appears to us that many do neither. What a lesson the suggestion teaches, and yet, few seem to notice that which is so very plain to the real philosopher. Why do they not see, hear, taste, feel, smell etc., as the fancied individual case may be? It is to show that certain suggestions may be withheld, in order to prove that only through suggestion can anything be real. If absolutely deaf, in the acceptance of the term, there is no suggestion of sound, and were all the same, sound would not be a reality in any sense, and so on, one by one of the many supposed objects would be no more without the fancied powers to appreciate them. Disposing, then, of the thoughts of all these fancied things, would necessarily be to dispose of the things, and to further dispose of the suggestion of one's self to one's self would be to dispose of all suggestions, leaving a nothingness, but the Great Intelligence would remain for another susceptibility that might yet come into the realm of thought; it could not otherwise than remain, it being merely a vacant receptacle, and nothing can not go any where; because there is nothing to go, and even though we might stretch our imagination that it went somewhere, it would still be nothing when it did get there. So nothing-nothing-nothing. Now, were it possible for the senseless to reach heaven (?) what could it mean to them? The music they would not appreciate; because they had never had the suggestion of hearing it. Pause here and think: In the emitting of sparks from a fancied fire, some are apparently alive, and others are as the black carbon; the live ones seem to possess the quality of heat, and suggest the sensation of

burning. The Great Intelligence in letting out the susceptibilities for a season, deprived some of the power to receive all suggestions, which come to the ordinary, but may give additional or other power to appreciate those which the ordinary susceptibility may not receive. Such is reasonable; for these apparently strange individuals seem of all the most happy, and seem to know what they cannot advise others of. The wonders of the intelligence are the exemplifications of the varities of its power, and being everything, as well as nothing does not have to submit to a criticism of its suggestions, or how it causes the imaginary to appear real to these susceptibilities, to itself. Now, we may proceed with the further argument as to how they may be made to know anything. If there were such a thing as a ball, it could not be suggested to one of the fancied deaf as a *ball;* but merely as a something, nor could he know it was round; unless he could hear the word, in fancy, *round,* nor could he think of shape; unless he could hear the fancied word, *shape,* neither size, solidity, smoothness nor any other apparent quality without getting the same through the ordinary means of suggestion, and so it would be with all, if some positive suggestion did not exihibit itself to say there was something. This will be further explained in the argument. Let it suffice here to ask: What would the suggestion of heat in hell, or the cool, refreshing breezes of heaven mean to those who could not reflect? A reflection would be necessary to cause either to appreciate the respective situations.

THIS DISCUSSION IS NOT FOR FOOLS—TOO DEEP.

A fool will not be able to understand this discussion, and it is not intended that they should in the first instance, but there will be those with philosophical minds (*those* means susceptibilities, as I am still proceeding in the idealistic—the abstract) who will endeavor to explain to them. Returning to the idea of the senseless, we might say: It could be explained how the deaf or dumb, or deaf and dumb fancied creature would learn from objects, so called. He

could only think of it as a something; unless his thought were reached through the thought of another as he could be reached through the medium of thought only. Since, therefore, his knowledge depends upon internal suggestions, as it were, they may as well come as appearing to be to him something far different from what they may appear to others, even as to shape and size. It is safe, to say that thought is a continuous line, the same line, unbroken, being a part of the other, already joined; because it cannot be separated. If then it cannot be separated, how can there be an individual distinct mind or soul, defying the juncture with another seemingly different existence?

We fall back upon the theory above advanced, the same being relative to degrees of life or thought, utilized by trancient fancied individuals. Two supposed brains may be apparently of the same size, yet one would have an abundant supply of wisdom, while the other would be lacking in all that savors of sense, often incapable of any improvement whatever. Does the mind depend upon the fancied brain of the individual, so called? We must agree that it does in that particular case, while at the same time it is in abundance with the other. By that I mean: the one brain receives no mind, while the other did in sufficient quantity. It seems to me that there might have been room in the vacant brain for the alleged separate soul, if soul there were, yet, where we find the absence of mind we likewise find the absence of soul. Mind, so called, cannot be seen; it does not maintain a stable condition. It may lead or mislead, according to the quality of the supposed brain, needing and solely depending upon the brain to know anything in this fancied life. How could an individual act or know without the brain in the supposed death any more than in the supposed life? Some have advanced the theory that the apparent ridges of the brain which are called convolutions of the brain, are the centres of secretion of thought, permanently storing away the happenings, the memories and observations of the fancied past, the intelligences are supposed to be there,, and if that were true would not the destruction of the brain destroy the memories, and

render the individual a know-nothing, and to be a know-nothing means to be a be-nothing; for knowledge alone is all there is, even if we were to admit there was anything. Having then no recollection, how could an individual know it had ever been here, or in any other place, if place there were, and if punished in the fancied hell, or rewarded in the fancied heaven, how would he know for what? Without the supposed physical brain, nothing could be known or appreciated, even though we were to say there is a physical brain. The brain destroyed, the man is destroyed, and we must now look for some other way of perpetuating the memories of this trancient supposed life, if we would give man anything in the category of a soul, or a live forever quality.

PICTURE A FOOL IN HEAVEN.

According to the best theories advocating materialism, we would all appear as fools before the great Judge, to be judged for something we had no knowledge of remaining, being then brainless, from a physical standpoint, tell me how could the individual be made to realize what might be said or done there, in heaven? Without brain, the individual could not have a mind, regardless of the fancied place he might be.

The idea of a fool, a mindless blank, a nonentity, being honored with a place in the presence of an Almighty God, which neither needed him in his presence, nor had any reason for his being there is preposterous. I am here again led to ask: How could all the fancied human matter, if matter were to be raised from the dead, find a place near enough to be present there? Impossible under all supposed natural laws. Hence, if anything shall live forever, it can be intelligence alone, and since the fancied man cannot individualize it, or maintain it as his own permanent property, it must necessarily revert to the everlasting whole Intelligence, that which we have been taught to call God, and God is everything, idealistic, intangible, and not perishable matter. Man was not made, there is no man. We are only reflections from the great Omnipotence, the everlasting Omnipresence and we return at its will.

SUSCEPTIBILITIES SEPARATED FOR A SEASON, THEN REUNITED TO THE ETERNAL WHOLE.

Some Lost for Apparent Time.

I would not attempt to discourage the idea of individuality for a season, though not independent in its possession of the privilege, nor would I seek to blight the inspired expectancies of future happiness, or in the end (?), which means the never ending. In an idealistic sense all are striving for happiness in different forms of suggestion; that about which we are concerned, we enjoy, although there is no tangible, nor the necessity for a tangible thing to enjoy. As the suggestion of "The multitude feasting upon five loaves and two fishes, even those imaginary, and all filled upon the suggestion of solid food, leaving twelve imaginary baskets of fragments" so are we daily fed, clothed and all our wants and fancies satiated upon the imaginary, which the power of this Intelligence has hitherto led you to believe are real and tangible. I am meeting the fancied clergy, the vaunted theologians upon their own grounds, and under this unanswerable argument, I would advice you not to further attempt to mislead the uninformed susceptibilities, that you may gain thereby, in fancy, a life of ease or luxury; but believe as I know, that there is no tangible thing, and then there will be no need of deceit to gain that which is not, nor to be led in the wrong direction, coveting the fancied treasures of earth, contrary to the example of our Blessed Savior, who never found the need of anything; because he knew there was nothing to have. These susceptibilities do feast upon the fancied real, hear the strains of inaudible, suggested music, love and cherish, and vainly endeavor to perpetuate the visionary objects which appear to be theirs for a season, before their supposed eyes, while the everlasting truth that there is not, and cannot be any material thing still prevails.

No severer test is capable of application than the requirement of an answer to that question. Truth, generally speaking, is the opposite of falsehood, of error. To be the truth a suggestion must harmonize with the situation it pretends is the fact. It is right, not wrong; correct, not incorrect, and above all, it is harmony in and with the great and everlasting *is,* corresponding with and running side by side with the fact, substantiating at each step the claim of an idea, a verifier of the claim or claims as to a situation, or that which may be claimed for it.

Now, I know there is nothing material; that is the truth. If I should say I knew there was a material thing, that would not be the truth, and so any one who says he knows there is matter in existence, when such an idea is contrary to all logic, reason or common sense, has not advanced the truth, but a mere guess; because hitherto he could not explain otherwise. He therefore seeks to qualify it as *"A self-evident truth."* How can one know unless he is taught? I was conscious from the suggestion of the time when I was five years of age, that I was not an ordinary person, and those susceptibilities who have observed me, can testify that I have not acted as one. I have known eternally (that is *now,* remember; for there is no such thing as time). I have in memory a susceptibility, a supposed ignorant man, who thoughtlessly, and ignorantly told the truth: I saw him, in fancy, working in a "potato patch," apparently picking up potatoes. His name was Collins; the suggestion of an Irishman. Said I to him, "Collins, what are you doing there?" He, in fancy, answered: "Picking up nothing, and putting it nowhere." Now, that is just what he was doing, but he did not have sense enough to know he was telling the truth; he simply thought he was giving me a "smart, witty" answer. At that stage in the eternal now, which appears as being divided into time, I regarded it as a mere witty expression, although it caused me to think upon this subject which has been a source of study for me since the suggested time when I was five years of age, and when I was

informed, as if by spoken words, that I would be the one to change the ideas and religions of the world, so called. It was told me so very plainly in the suggestion of a garden, filled with the fancied glory of beautiful and fragrant flowers. Since the suggestion of time, I have simply laughed at the vaunted spirits who have assumed to be wise, great, rich, powerful, and brought such of the susceptibilities as I cared to associate with into my circle, leaving the undesirable out: travelled, in thought, whither I desired, with or without the suggestion of money, and whenever I have reached a fancied situation wherein the suggestion of money to use appeared necessary, I have had only to wish it, and it has come, as if the fancied rain from heaven, through the hands of legendary angels, as the suggestion of "John on the Island of Patmos." It is suggested that the ravens came and fed him. Well, there were no ravens, simply the suggestion of food brought, and to make the suggestion appear real, the ravens were also suggested. No, there was nothing for Collins to pick up, and no place to put it.

GHOSTS AND SPIRITS ARE SEEN.

One Sunday morning (I did not think at the suggested time of its being a fancied Sunday, however) I was, by suggestion, entering a wood, in the country, to see if my rabbit traps (boxes) had made any catchings the previous night. As I climbed over the fence, I saw a man raking with a garden rake, so suggested; saw the man and saw him holding the rake in his hands. He was directly in front of me, and continued to work. In a minute or two it dawned upon me that the day was Sunday, and just as I was about to ask him why he was working there on Sunday, and without taking my eyes (?) off him or the rake, he and the rake disappeared, as the flame from a blown-out lamp. I never saw any man, or any supposed thing more plainly. I was near, and could not be mistaken. At the suggestion of another time, I went into a little house, or shed very early in the morning, while the suggestion of darkness was still apparent, to feed a cow; because I was going to leave that place (?) early

that morning, by boat. I had, in fancy, securely closed the door behind me, as the cow on several previous occasions run out when the door was left open. Lying beside the cow, there was the suggestion of a white object, with black spots, the size of a fancied calf. In order to ascertain if it was a calf, I kicked it, to make it get up, and it did. It went apparently straight up through the roof of that little house, emitting sparks as it went, and seeming to display a wriggling motion, demonstrating great fury. I saw (?) it. It was as plain as I see the fancied paper upon which I now imagine myself as writing. Besides the door, there was no opening in that house large enough for the suggestion of a mouse to crawl through, but to further satisfy myself that the *whateveritwas* did not get out through the door, I examined it, and found that it was securely and tightly closed. I examined the sides of the house and the roof, and found there was not even a crack therein. I lit match after match ,in order to be sure the "Ghost, Devil, or So and So" was not in that house, but found no traces of it. I then, in fancy, fed the cow, and left the place (?). Now, there were two things (?) I *saw* which did not exist, to-wit: a man with a rake, and a *Whateveritwas,* as plainly as I imagine I see anything or person, so called. I was not excited, perfectly sober, as then I had not the suggestion of either drink or other vile indulgence, being a mere boy of eleven years of age, as suggested, and I was in my right mind. Should my supposed desk upon which I, in my imagination, write, immediately vanish, and become apparently nothing as a suggestion (I know it is nothing, although it so suggests itself), that could not surprise me more from a standpoint of *noticing,* than the disappearance of the Man with a Rake and *Whateveritwas.* It might be argued that in seeing them, I simply saw ghosts, but no susceptibility, however docile, or horse-like, ever believed there was an animal (cow) ghost. Since then it was possible for me, a susceptibility, to have those supposed objects suggested to fancied vision as real, why not possible that any number of objects and varieties of objects be also suggested? In the second ex-

perience mentioned, I not only saw (?), but kicked and felt the reaction of the object (?) against my foot, apparently covered by a boot, also noticed the suggestion of the *Whateveritwas* being made angry, and seeing it go up and out where there was no opening. Was it a spirit? If so, why with the cow, unless a cow spirit, and if a spirit, how could it have been tangible, by suggestion, even? No, they were as all other things supposed to eixst; they existed only in my thought, and vanished, because, as they were in reality, *nothing* with a cessation of the suggestion, and as we and all supposed things become nothing, as we are when the suggestion departs. The ordinary reflection from the intelligence, the supposed man, is capable of thinking into existence a picture of anything he may desire, and as long as he believed the phantom was a reality, a real thing, it would be so to him, or the ability to do anything. Hence, the suggestion of Christ says: "If ye had the faith of a grain of mustard seed, ye might say to yon Sycamore, be thou plucked, and cast into the sea, and it would be done." Why? If you were convinced that the suggested tree was being plucked up and carried to the sea, it would be so; because there is no tree, nor any sea, only suggestions, making it very easy, the belief only lacking. This is my theology, no other to me appears reasonable, no, other is true, or in any way explainable. As to the man I thought I saw, the doubt as to his being there was the thought that he would not be working on a Sunday. Thus the object lost its creation (?) and was no more, and yet it were possible that some other susceptibility, creating its own object, had created him, and that my "line was crossed" for the apparent time. So there may be other susceptibilities, creating other supposed existences, their own objects, in imagination, nevertheless, the same as we, and it may be that our magnetic intelligences join theirs for a fancied time, but there is in reality no time.

TIME A MERE SUGGESTION—NOT A REALITY.

Time, in the generally accepted sense, is a mere lapse, but how could there be any such condition as time? Consider

it as one great suggestion, never going, remaining always; forget about it, and it is not as to wearing quality or appreciation. The suggestion of *waiting* is that which seems to associate time. Time is not a condition to be counted or divided; because it is the same time today (in fancy) as it was yesterday, and like the suggestion of life (thought) it cannot be diminished. It is the same time all the time, so far as the time is concerned, but these susceptibilities have thought they could measure it. If it were really passing, it would seem to all alike, all the supposed time, but there are fancied times, when we all admit, it does not take time to pass, and as we think it is now, it is then, and the now, depending upon the condition of the susceptibility, but there are greater proofs, indisputable ones. The time itself is not measured, it is our thoughts that seem to be measured. Time never changes; because it is not, being only a possibility in which to imagine the location of intelligence, whereby the ever present may appear as a passing show, giving it the suggestion of more beauty and greater variety. The past is present, the future is now, and yet, it is one of the most difficult ideas to explain, being one of those a susceptibility can know better than it can make known. The illustrations herein, if carefully studied, will solve the apparent problem. It is not an intelligence, simply a system of extending the imaginings. There could be time without time. To a supposed man serving a prison sentence, a fancied hour would appear a year, or more, and turning your attention to two susceptibilities, in fancy alone in a parlor, making love, there is no time as to them. Beginning at eight, in less than five minutes, in fact, in no time, it is two. Don't ask me how I know this to be indisputable. No, it is not necessary to enquire. You know, yourself.

When you think of time it apparently becomes a reality, and seems to linger in your imagination, but when you forget it, "it doesn't count." Purely a mind condition, it is as proved above in the illustration of the two fancied lovers, and now, imagine a wire all the way around the supposed world, and the suggestion of electricity would go around that wire

a thousand times in no time at all. It is here while it is there, and there while it is here, and requires no time in which to go a fancied million miles. If it really started at a given point, it would require the suggestion of time to reach the other, but there being no other place to be reached, it has nowhere to go, and therefore requires no time. Imagine yourself talking through a fancied telephone) in Chicago, to a fancied friend in New York, and as the words fall from your lips the party (?) at other end (?) gets them, and as he in fancy speaks, you hear, or you may both be talking at the same time, so to speak, and each would hear (?) the other, proving conclusively that New York is here and here is New York, and that neither of them is anywhere.

That no matter exists, even the supposed brain, upon which the fancied human mind depends, is borne out by the fact that there are suggested periods during which the fancied brain itself ceases to be an apparent medium; that is the period of unconsciousness. The question must here be asked: What then, becomes of the susceptibility during such period? I reply: It emanating from the great fountain of thought, intelligence, has simply returned from its individuality back to the original source of which it is a mere reflection, just as a fancied wave may seem to smooth down, and cease to be the suggestion of a wave, but still remaining a part of the Mighty Deep, so thought to exist. While yet a wave, it could, in our imagination, play havoc, even wrecking the largest fancied ship, but when returned to its mother ocean, it is only an indiscernable part of the Mother, and such it was, in fancy, nevertheless, before it started out upon its career of apparent individual entity; for some seem to be separated from the bosom of the ocean, others appear as mountains rising in the plain. So do we, whether as giants or dwarfs, in our perception, when our purpose has been served, return to our ancient whole, and cease to appear as individuals. If that fancied wave were something, and something having distinct power or an entity, it could not lose itself. Thus, if there were matter, it would necessarily have to

remain matter; because of the accepted principle in philosophy: "Nothing can be destroyed" is an universal one. I heartily agree with the idea; because there is nothing to be destroyed. If there were matter, and an irresistible force met an immovable object, the only consequence that could result would be annihilation each of the other, or they might assimilate each other, and in that case even there would be a destruction of the individuality, equivalent to a complete destruction so far as the identity of the individual may be considered. The better and safer conclusion in dealing with this great question is to cling to the theory of pure and simple idealism; because we cannot explain the most vital principle upon which the religions of the susceptibilities of this fancied world are based upon any other theory. It has been suggested to us through the fancied Bible that the world is to be destroyed, notwithstanding the indisputed principle in philosophy herein referred to, that no matter is or even can be destroyed. Nothing can be incontrovertibly explained upon an hypothesis contemplating the existence of material, and like the irresistible force meeting an immovable object, it would be impossible to even give a questionable answer as to what the result would be, and thus are we left in know-nothingness in regard to all when we undertake to support the theory of the existing of material. The *Word of God*: "The world will end," (I mean the imaginary world) now is proven *true,* and you may now see the end through idealism, adjust yourselves in heaven, as you please. This is the only end you will ever experience.

MORE PROOF ABOUT ETERNITY.

Eternity, a no beginning and a no ending, is an idea born of a fancy, a mere guess, and although a correct guess, cannot, however, be explained upon a theory of the existence of matter. The susceptibility cannot go beyond the beginning or ending when it clings to the idea of material things being in existence, but to accept the faith of idealism, means to clear away the mystery (?). There being nothing, it could

not have had a beginning, and remaining nothing, there can be no end. Imagine *Nothing* assuming any form or shape in the idealistic sense, and being removed to any fancied place, and when it got there it would be nothing just the same. Intelligence, a quality, nothing save a mere readiness, although even in a material sense, if material there were; for as a quality, we may term it a mere readiness, receptacle may exist and must have existed always without any object to be received therein, even though there were existence of material things. There would necessarily have existed a quality, creative, at least, to make creation possible, if creation there were. Since, therefore, it would be impossible for other than quality to create an entity, it could as well suggest an entity, bearing the semblance and having the character thereof, in fancy, in every particular, and such is the situation that confronts us.

FULLY EXPLAINED WHAT THIS GREAT INTELLIGENCE IS.

We come now to the deepest of all thought, and in order to be understood, let us suppose a vacuum, and for the sake of argument, presume the entry of air or water therein. The vacuum being nothing might eternally remain a mere possibility or quality of a vacuum, a readiness for the reception of (supposed) air or water. We all agree that the vacuum is not a thing, not matter, and not even spirit, and yet, arguing further from a material standpoint, it is capable of receiving things, if things there were. If, therefore, nothing can receive something, then it follows that nothing can receive the suggestion of something; that it being nothing, could have always been and always remain nothing, yet, capable of receiving something by way of suggestion. Therewith may be compared Intelligence, and say it is an eternal susceptibility, a ready receptacle for the receiving of suggestions of any kind or variety, and not being an entity could still be intelligent; because intelligence is a mere quality, the essence of all even suggested power. It is not the apparent dynamite that makes it a destructive (in fancy) thing, but a certain quality it seems to contain, and that mere quality is a nonentity, and

thus doth this quality contain power, not necessarily force, which is only a suggestion, but the power to cause conclusions to be drawn from the supposed visions of the fancied entities. Here we may ask what becomes of the vacuum when the supposed air or liquid occupies it? It still remains a susceptibility, and supposing the air or liquid to be removed, it still remains a mere susceptibility. Thus it is with the susceptibilities of suggestions; they have existed forever; because they are mere possibilities, not created, non creative, yet capable themselves of creating, in fancy, heavens and earths, and capable of enjoying or suffering the various seeming realities. When the suggestions all disappear, the susceptibility yet remains. It could not do otherwise; because it is nothing, cannot be destroyed, otherwise it could not have been created. That which it would be possible to build, it would be possible for the builder to destroy. I defy any fancied philosopher in the realm of these susceptibilities to prove to me wherein the destruction of material, if material there were, could be impossible. If it were created at all, it must necessarily have been created from nothing, and the same power that created it would have the equal power to destroy it.

There is consciousness, all susceptibilities admit. There could not be consciousness unless there be some condition to be conscious of. Then, there is, in fact, an Intelligence which makes the same possible. Since Intelligence is a positive *Is*, and could not even render unconscious itself, it must of necessity be *Eternal*. We know it is, otherwise we could not so much as know we are conscious. It could not make anything material; because that would be out of its order, but its quality creates impressions of suggested realities, none of which, however, have abiding fancied forms. It does not have to convince any one; for *everyone is it*, likewise, every supposed thing. Having then efficacy to believe what it pleases, it can, without any possibility of dispute, present any kind of picture to itself, or any sort of condition to its attributes, or its susceptibilities; filling their fancies with any suggestions, as we, in fancy, fill the *Vacuum* with supposed water, or other fancied material thing. That which cannot be controlled or

limited in any wise does not have to conform to any idea excepting the law upon which it depends for its own efficacy, and the Law is it, since it requires the law to constitute an *It;* it would not be, nor could it remain without the *Law* any more than four apples could be four apples, if the four apples were not the sum, were there material apples. The *Is,* eternal, is a mere fact; thinking is an exercise of the quality of the *Is.* The *is not,* is the mere absence of the *Is,* which makes *truth,* after all, an all-important attribute, an indispensable one. We are not void of Intelligence. That is *Truth.* We have it simply because we do, and if we had it not, we could not be *we.* That is all. It is easily explained after we know how. Whatever cannot be disputed is truth, and even though it were not truth, it would, under said conditions, have to be accepted, and this with my especial compliments to the fancied Christian Scientist. There could not even be an Intelligence unless it *exercised* the quality of thought, nor even a conscious susceptibility, wanting in *attention. Duty* is indispensable (in fact, a *demand* of the Law) a virtue of the Great Intelligence, likewise all of the many *susceptibilities,* and we are allowed the fancied use of fancied things and fancied opportunities, that we may in our ideas perform our duties, which bring to us *heaven*-neglected-*hell.*

A. GOD IS GOD AND DEVIL, ALSO.

This everlasting Intelligence is God, and the question now arises as to the reason for its superiority and power. Imagine an entity standing alone in and throughout all the sppposed universe, yet located at a particular place, and though one, all powerful being, divided into three parts comprising the individual whole; namely: Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Now, if we were to accept that doctrine as true that one can be and is three, is divided into three and is still one (and I believe it in an idealistic sense merely) it is also possible that the same being,if being it were, could be divided into as many parts as there could be or have been or still will be suggested things, whether apparently animate or inanimate.

Thus, according to the generally accepted idea of those who maintain a Holy Trinity, all supposed things, man, beast, bird, insect, vegetable or mineral fancied entities are as much a part of God as God is a part of itself. I believe we all admit that God is Idealistic, and as such "Rides upon the stormy waves, and calms the raging sea." Then, is it not more reasonable that the fancied creatures of the great intelligent power, in order to have and to maintain the greatest power and perfection, would be like it, the Great Power? Why should it have been necessary to have made us material, when it being idealistic, has all power, and is capable of enjoying even more than we are supposed to be capable of enjoying? If a mere Intelligence can rule the universe, it is possible that other intelligences can rule worlds, if worlds, there were, build railroads, houses, engines and perform the wonderful works of art, aided by the apparent later ideas of electricity. If such means were here they would necessarily have been made by a bodyless spirit, and not even that; for if a spirit, it would have necessarily have been made as an effect of some intelligence, and not eternal, without beginning or necessarily without end. I go farther, and ask: Would it be possible for this being (?), located at a particular place, to permeate all things, and be everywhere: omnipotent, omnipresent, without being a part of everything, if anything there were, and everything a part of it? Supposing air to permeate driven steel, as suggested, would not the air be a component part thereof, and weighing the steel, would not the weight of the air be considered a part of the weight of the steel? The supposed world and many other supposed worlds are the handiwork of God, as claimed, and we all adore God, not that God cares whether we adore it or not, nor that we shall be punished eternally if we do not, but for its most wonderful goodness, power and beauty, making it so that we, as susceptibilities can enjoy this, though, an imaginary world, and such of us as seek to train our susceptibilities to think good thoughts, and strive to do what we consider good acts and deeds, will continue in thought to enjoy these and more than these, but those who do not regard their apparent duty, in fact a real duty, will not en-

joy, and are already, by the eternal Law, confiscated to nothingness even as susceptibilities. This is true, and you had better believe it.

Returning, now, to the principle in philosophy that nothing can be destroyed, let us linger, as it were a while, and think solemnly on that suggestion. Let it be a consolation to all, that since nothing can be destroyed, the world (imagined) cannot be destroyed, and if it were a material thing it could not be. So we are safe in any case. This idea is a long step in the proper reasoning, but is spoiled of its wisdom by the clinging to the doctrine of material things, yet it should of its own suggestion be sufficient to convince the most stubborn and most radical susceptibility which believes in the existence of matter. If it be possible for anything to be reduced to nothing, it is possible for nothing to be made the receptacle of the belief of anything. Even nothing might continue to dream it was something. I have the suggestion of an old preacher who while preaching the best he could, finds his congregation all asleep, exclaimed to the top of his ability to "holler". "Wake up dar, brethring and sistring, God made de worl," an' hung it on nuthin!" Well, that is the popular belief, I think, and I would ask how it would be possible to hang something on nothing? Yes, and that something being as heavy as the fancied world. If nothing is capable of holding up the world, it is also capable of dropping it, but did you ever pause to wonder where the world would go if it did drop? It could not reach any place; because the suggestion of space is the suggestion of a limitless somewhere, and if it went on eternally dropping through space, dropping, dropping and dropping, it would simply be in space, and why not as well in one part of space as another? In fact, no one would know it had been dropped. The bottom of space, so imagined, is the top, the top, the side, the beginning the end, anywhere everywhere, and everywhere nowhere, as there is apparently no end, no system of supposed reckoning could designate at what point the world or any other supposed object was. Oh, what a proposition! It is supposed to have no beginning anywhere, and no ending, then, how in the name of common

sense, can it be a thing? It is like all other fancied things, a mere possibility, and strictly speaking, a mere suggestion, a nothing. Space, so called, we must admit, was not created; for to create means to define, to make a limit as to the thing created. I presume some would advance the idea that it was simply found where it was, and that is about correct, in the power of the intangible intelligence, its own suggestive medium, incapable of not being; because it is an eternal quality. *Nothing* could always be; *somthing* could not.

God is God and Devil, also; a good, kind and agreeable God to all who desire and endeavor to keep in line with truth, which is *Right,* but it is the Devil to others, who do not so deport themselves. That is all there is to the Devil idea, simply the absence of the consoling, comforting and cheering qualities, or, in other words, the absence of God is the Devil. Now, supposing there were such a thing as a personal Devil, and his only employment were to entrap and ensnare souls, as it were, so that it (or he, whatever you may wish to call it) would have that many more to burn in his imaginary pit. What would it profit him (or it)? The more he (or it) had to burn, the more work, that would be all, or why would even a devil wait for a child to be born simply to catch him to burn up later on? If it were to eat the child, man or woman, there might be some reason to give it at least a thought. Yet, according to your fancied ancient belief, the devil always waits until the person, so to speak, is dead and decomposed before he wants to take him, or her, in charge, and the most perplexing question would be the original kindling of the fire, and the means of transportation, and why did not the Almighty, the all discerning God destroy the devil in the first instance so that he might not go down there (?) to hell (?) in order to bring nice people down there with him? You will, however, find susceptibilities still ignorant enough to believe in a personal devil, a material hell, and material other things, but rest thou assured that there is no material God, Devil, hell, world, heaven, man, woman, child, animal of any kind, plant of any kind, mineral of any kind, or material anything, anywhere, nor

even anywhere. No time, no place, no matter is the everlasting truth, and you will find it so.

The Great Intelligence is simply its own picture painter; it is the everlasting essence of the eternal *Is;* do you understand? It is of such a character, quality, that it did not have to be created, nor could a quality, though we were to consider one of less perfection than the Great Intelligence, be subject to creation, neither can any quality, even in the thought of a materialist, be created. He even admits that these qualities are eternal, and now he must admit that there is nothing else.

HEAVEN AND WHAT IT IS.

There is a suggestion of heaven; a promise; a promise of it by supposed people only, but no means have been suggested for reaching the fancied place, or a conveyance thereto. It could not be a place, for if it were, it would necessarily have to have been created, as nothing cannot make something. It could not have been created from nothing. By no system of logic can we get away from this inevitable nothing. Nothing must have been first, and that being nothing was compelled to remain that way. It could not change its nothingness. You cannot conceive of a thing being eternal, and the suggestion of man being a part of the Great Intelligence, God, would be able to determine it, if such were possible. We have the same thinking quality as God has, or we have none at all, and it is not limited, excepting as we limit it by resting sure and believing in the foolish things other susceptibilities may suggest to us. All have the power of thougth, but it must be exercised to know.

Even though heaven were a place, neither suggested wings nor flying machines could convey us there, as they, according to suggestion, depend upon air as a possibility of utility. Beyond a certain distance, much this side of heaven (?) there is no air, according to the accepted suggestion. One might argue that we enter heaven as a spirit and remain there as such, and further say, that everything there will be natural, and will be enjoyed, or as such enter hell, where natural fire and brimstone will burn us forever. Also that we shall be, and be re-

ceived by white-robed angels, and hear sweet natural music. If then heaven can appear real to a real spirit, why cannot the supposed earth appear the same? Those who originated that false doctrine were careful to place the entry after death, fancied, in order that no one could have a chance to make a complaint and "demand his money back." I am telling what will happen in the eternal now, and assure you there will never be any other time or place, and likewise assure you that there is neither time nor place. There are a heaven and a hell, but they are present conditions. Why should we be able as spirits in heaven (?) to see and feel any more than we can see and feel as spirits in the fancied here? Spirits, if spirits there were, would not be tangible things, or sensitive things, and yet, according to the fancied ancient doctrines, they shall be capable of feeling the cool and refreshing zephyrs of heaven or the fiery flames of hell. How, in the name of common sense, can any one believe that? I do not believe any one will after the fancied reading of this suggestion of a book, It is not a book, but the mere suggestion of a book, as by no means could I reach you, unless through the suggestion of something you believed to exist, then as you in fancy read along, the book will appeal to you as a mere suggestion. In order to be led to believe the abstract, we must have suggested to us the concrete, then we shall see that there is no real concrete, only the Intelligence. Even though there were a book, and that book a thing, it would require intelligence to appreciate it, to know it. Imagine even a material book as being placed before a brainless one, and arguing from a material standpoint even, it would not be a book, or anything else to him, and then, take the book away, and intelligence could see it pictured. A picture of what might be, if it were, is all we see, and that in fancy.

There is no special or particular head to (or of) this Great Intelligence. It is, as it were, omnipresent—one of its virtues is the Law of Compensation and the survival of the *fit*—the fittest may also be *considered*. It neither *personally* orders or causes one to be in the condition of heaven or hell: because that blessing or ill-fortune, respectively, is left entire-

ly with the individual who will always adjust or regulate himself, or herself, as liquids seeking their level (so to speak) to the position appropriate for him or her to occupy, or into which he or she may *fit*, the same as an apparent cut stone. Therefore, whoever desires consolation, or heaven, and strives to be therein is already in, eternally in; the same as to hell. Some are betwixt and between, as it were, in a sort of Purgatory, with the privilege of working up higher in the degree of Consolation, or sinking ever lower into more abject misery. That is all there is to this hell or heaven question, with this qualification: the Law governing and controlling the adjustment, so that what is fitting and proper is and ever remains available to those who are worthy choosers. This is true to such an extent that neither can avoid the other, as the condition follows the preparation, or better still, runs parallel therewith. Whoever finds himself or herself in either is truly and purely self blessed or self condemned through the exercise of choice; for we, being a part of the great Intelligence, have as much power (?) under the Law, to send the great Intelligence to either condition as it has to send us. All necessary for power (?) (as we may term it for explanation here) is to be and remain on the *Line, following* and conforming to the Laws of the Great Intelligence to which even an individual. and a personal God, were there one, would necessarily have to conform. This Intelligence, and we are a part thereof as long as we desire to be, is the only God there is, ever was, or ever will be.

Those who are fools in appearance, or the mindless, are simply *mock pictures,* or *mock susceptibilities,* and not the *real* ones; for Intelligence cannot be foolish, cannot be wrong, cannot be indecent, and *cannot* violate its own laws, so that when we become either of the bad pictures above mentioned, we are off the *Line,* have ceased to be a part of the Great Intelligence, the absence of which is hell, and every undesirable experience. Jesus Christ was God, simply because he was pure, always on the *Line,* and so every one can be a God who so desires, and bends all his or her efforts to that end; because the Great Intelligence is no respector of persons—it giving the same

chance of advancement in its use to all, and would not especially favor the suggestion of a Carpenter's son any more than the suggestion of any other human being, and the very picture of Christ seems to speak, and say to us: "Since I, the son of an obscure carpenter am and can be God, so can you if you will only consecrate your souls to love, truth and right." These are among the attributes of God, and, with Sympathy, and the others, are God.

I have often had the suggestion of friends to ask me: "Why do you spend sometimes a hundred dollars of an evening in order to get a crowd together for a *Musicale?*" I have never fully answered, or told the reason why, but will say, that two or more, together, all in sympathy, the suggestion of music creating, as it were, harmony, is heaven, a truly heavenly condition, the best heaven we may ever look for, and surely the best we shall ever find. Therefore, to spend a hundred, a thousand, or even a million fancied dollars to be in heaven is, after all, a very insignificant consideration.

The incontrovertible truth that the suggestion of a Jesus Christ was, as it were, the son of a Carpenter, so called, upsets entirely the fancied Roman Catholic's idea of the *Immaculate Conception,* as misunderstood and mistaught by the clergy, including the *Pope,* as fancied. Now, notice how *Idealism* comes to the rescue, and through it we can easily see that the idea is, *in fact,* a correct one, but not as heretofore generally understood. All conceptions are *Immaculate,* otherwise they were not at all; for how could there be a material conception, even though the theory of the existence of matter were true? Idealism cannot be wrong. Intelligence is unquestionably all there is.

OTHER REASONS WHY I AM NOT AN INFIDEL.

An infidel is defined as one who does not believe in the existence of God, but that must be taken with some qualification. One might believe in a God, and not believe in the interpretation of a God, as suggested to him by susceptibilities who submitted to him an unreasonable idea of God. I believe in a great Intelligence that is not even an entity in a material

sense. Is that infidelity? If so, then I am an infidel. But I maintain I am not an infidel, but a believer in the proper idea, and I have an equal right to believe as I am convinced with any other susceptibility. No one can *know* any more than I do. All that any of us can do is to advance that which appears to us the most plausible facts, and tear to pieces the fabrics so to speak, of those dogmas which are so very unreasonable and so contradictory that even the supposed preacher must stop at a certain question, and say: "Well, I cannot tell you how all these seemingly real things can be, but you will have to accept them as self-evident truths." I am explaining as I go along, and I again say, that there is no apparent phenomena that is not capable of explanation, even eternity which I am convinced I have given a plausible explanation. So many who have ventured along the lines of truth and reason, are called infidels, and by some susceptibilities so very ignorant that one is ashamed of them as they attempt to explain some idea that they have never even thought on. Still, if you do not believe his foolishness, he becomes very indignant, and calls you an infidel. I invite to *fancy* debate any suggested scholar, scientist, clergyman, sage or philosopher on the supposed earth, and have no fear that he will be able to successfully contradict any idea I have advanced. I have debated the questions with myself both ways, and after the suggestion of a number of years, have arrived at these conclusions, I am, however, ready to be convinced otherwise, if any one could show me wherein I am wrong, but you will find there is no dispute; no other way to look, no other way to go. A fool is one who believes all he is told, or believes nothing, and is the opposite of a freethinker, or an infidel (?) so called. The infidel is wrong in not seeking after the truth instead of insulting the holy spirit. I sought, and found the truth.

I AM AFTER FINDING PERMANENT CONSOLATION FOR FANCIED MANKIND.

Wherefore do we argue these questions? I can conceive of but one reason, and that is to bring consolation to fancied mankind. In all the supposed past ages, it has been the ques-

tion whether or not life was worth the apparent trouble, pain and toil necessary to maintain it, or if when weighed in the balance, the pleasures of life were found to be greater or less than the sorrows thereof. Hence the suggestion of the words by a susceptibility called Shakespeare: "To be or not to be, that is the question." Those who believe they have earthly tangible possessions, and lose them, have the suggestion of sorrow. Should a fancied friend of yours apparently depart, you would grieve, and should many of the various suggested calamities come to your fancied life, you might despair, even to the extent of suggesting the ending of your own. Poor, misguided susceptibilities, it is to you that I am endeavoring to bring consolation, and herein may you find it complete, so that you will not worry, grieve, or despair, but be supremely happy all the supposed time, regardless of the suggestions of what you may lose, what you may suffer, or fancy you feel; for as sure as you are a susceptibility, there is nothing to be lost, nothing to grieve over, or about which to despair.

Of the many suggested millions of susceptibilities who have in fancy bowed to suggested wood and stone, the incentive theretoward, impelling the majority of them has been the fear of eternal punishment. A few have been induced in the direction of right because of a hope of reward. Without either of these two incentives, the doors of every supposed church would give the suggestion of being closed. Instead of worshipping at the shrine of the *Unknown,* all would seek present pleasures merely, and be satisfied therewith. I cannot by any rational conjecture divine how all this folly began; because every suggestion is so very contrary to the ideas promulgated, the entire theory being one of severe contradiction. I am trying to bring consolation to all, but I cannot do so if I would have them believe in the existence of material, when such a faith has erroneously led the susceptibilities away from the highest ideals, has instilled and suggested the most potent foe to true happiness, namely: Selfishness; and brought about the idea of personal and individual ownership of supposed things, the sole source of every supposed, or fancied,

trouble every place and everywhere, so imagined. Could we but abolish the idea of ownership alone, selfishness, envy, hatred and malice would be no longer suggested or made the cause of concern, and if for that benefit alone, whether true or untrue, all susceptibilities could be made to believe that every supposed thing belonged to every one, if we would still stubbornly in accord with all reason and logical deduction, maintain that there is really no matter to worry, fuss and fight about, the condition of heaven would immediately prevail among us. I am therefore sure and satisfied that I have been ordained, directed and enlightened with the proper wisdom, to bring this message of rest, peace and consolation among the fancied creatures of the suggested earth, that instead of waiting for you to die and go to heaven, I may bring true heaven to these susceptibilities. I cannot have any selfish motive in bringing these truths to you; because not believing in the existence of matter, among which the suggestion of money is one, I could not be doing this for the monetary gain there might be in the undertaking. All I need is and has ever been supplied from the great fountain of ideal satisfaction, so that I enjoy each supposed moment with the wealth of the riches fancied, together with music, art, eloquence, and all that the ideal world could offer to a soul so called, fearing not supposed death; because I know that the intelligence of which I am a part could not be impaired, or in any way diminished in quality, it being a part of the everlasting God. It is the idea of greed above everything else, and I might add, that superinduced by the supposed advantage gained through the same that makes the supposed world a realm of uneasiness, dissatisfaction, doubt and dread. The suggestion of being wronged drives the susceptibility toward a spirit of hatred and revenge. Would it not be better that he believed there was nothing out of which to be wronged? Likewise the suggestion of being slighted, drives to the disposition of insolence, stubbornness and despair, and the suggestion of losing that which one supposes to be a possession, a thing, drives to misery, disconsolate feeling, insanity and even to supposed death. The fear and uncertainty wrought by the doctrines pro-

mulgated and the hypotheses advanced, ridiculous though they be, wipe out the higher moral aspirations, and reduce the fancied human (susceptibility, nevertheless) to a cringing slave, suppliant criminal or fawning seeker of reward. Thus it were better, whether true or untrue, that all and all things supposed to exist as tangible entities, were regarded as merely idealistic; for whatever may be the belief, according to suggestion, during the period of supposed living, there comes a fancied time, the suggestion of death, when the supposed possessor loses his fancied possessions. Regardless of the suggestions of wealth, distinction, honor or advantage, all end at the suggestion of death. Then, we have been told, the individual supposed to have existed, immediately, or very soon thereafter, enters a realm of eternal bliss, or one of eternal damnation. I cannot reconcile such ideas with the facts, as I, myself, have observed them, or with the inspiration which I have received, and am still receiving. The supposed demise, however, is the point at which the true suggestion comes, *for example:* I was nothing, and now I know it; because to nothing I have come.

WE ARE AS RAYS OF LIGHT; DARTED OUT FROM THE GREAT INTELLIGENCE—NOT INDEPENDENT.

We are like so many rays darting out from the light. We are not the light, however, for God is the light. The deeper we go into an attempted solution of the great problem, the more mysterious the situation might appear; until we absolutely dispense with the idea of a creation. There can be nothing real save God; hence God is everything there is, and there is nothing else. The most orthodox admit that God is a spirit, an intangible entity. Since the spirit is the power, the material becomes unnecessary, and if God can live forever without animal or vegetable food, why can not we, being of the same "Whateveritis," live our fancied three score years and ten, or less, without in reality eating and drinking? We do, but we hitherto have only thought we do not.

Some suggestions have come to me; they are among others: that there have been others who have been writers who

defined this mysterious power, nature, and carefully observing, we find that outside of this improperly named nature, there can be nothing. God is this so called nature, not visible, not tangible and infinite in its own infiniteness. We, as susceptibilities of certain suggestions (not necessarily all), being, however, intelligences, are in a measure finite, subject to recall, but not anihilation as to sensibility; because we are of the indestructible, are as sparks from the fire, apparently dying ere we really live as individual perpetuities; because we are mere reflections from the great entity. We can go only so far before we are apparently annihilated in the nonenty of nothingness, ceasing to be even susceptibilities. God has taken all again to itself, or given to other susceptibilities.

You exist in my imagination alone. It may be possible that I am the only susceptibility, imagining that you and others exist. I am positive, however, that the term physical-material human being is improperly applied. "How can he prove what he has said?", asks a susceptibility, indulging like my own, in the fancied pleasures and cares of this supposed world—there is no such thing as materialistic proof. Nothing can be proven if we believe matter is a reality, notwithstanding that, one may be led to know, although he himself cannot prove it as I do, and presuming, for argument, that something does exist, he can use the suggestion as if it were real to show that it could not possibly be so, even according to the suggestion itself, and that: however apparently strong and real may be the presentation to the intelligence of the supposed individual. Realism fails, and finds its death in the very ideas of its own supposed entity; for if there is anything, where did it come from? Where did the original material find its origin, if material there were? Some might say: It is sufficient that God knows, and that we must accept the ideas and doctrines, even the unreasonable dogmas, falsified by their own falsity, as self-evident facts; because we are finite, which latter I most emphatically deny. We are not finite in quality, only in the law that permits us to become a part of the unit instead of fancied individuals. I claim that we are not finite; because we are inseparable from the

Almighty God. It is a peculiar situation, I admit, still, I know better than I can in a word explain, especially to those who would assume to doubt me, although when coming face to face with the facts I set forth, admit the veracity thereof, but stubbornly essay to contradict; because of the desire to cling even to the fancied point of death to some object or objects suggested as material, and whom or which they worship, as idols. The suggestion of a friend whom I have in fancy known for many years, upon reading a portion of this work, said to me: "All you say is true, yes, beyond contradiction, and such I admit, but I would rather believe truth is falsity than to believe you are not real. I could not afford to lose you in time, or in eternity, and my greatest hope for the eternity is that you and I will be together there." Continuing the friend said: "I have received so much comfort and consolation from your words and kind acts these many years, that I would not want you to return to the individual whole, and cease to be an individual entity." Thus it is; for one reason or another we do not believe that which we know is true, and in like manner do we believe that which we know is not true through mere selfishness. I, myself, would prefer to believe some other way, but I am inspired, ordained and ordered to tell the truth. There can be no shirking of duty in this regard. The fancied people, generally, have been deceived long enough, and the glorious light must now be shed upon them.

The foregoing statements, startling and apparently audacious as they may seem to the unthinking, coming, too, from one who, for the sake of argument, is supposed to exist, and who believes there is a God, an everlasting eternity, and in the salvation of the susceptibility, which we have been taught to call the soul, and who firmly believes in Jesus Christ, the Savior, and in heaven and in hell, might lead one or many to believe that the promulgator of these ideas was not sincere, and was only advancing these ideas for the sake of entertainment merely, but I assure you I am sincere, and not only sincere, but able to advance unanswerable, incontrovertible argument in support of all my declarations, and if you will follow

me along, carefully and conscientiously, with your mind upon the doctrine, you will necessarily become convinced, as there is no escape from the invincible truths I give unto you.

As aforesaid, there is a peculiar law governing the mysterious *IS*. I shall now come to you, and for the sake of further argument, agree with you that Jesus Christ died on the cross, but reserve the right to claim that it was in the idealistic sense. This law which permits the susceptibility to indulge in any kind or number of suggestions, makes possible a fancied severance of a supposed individual from the unit, without in any way diminishing or impairing the unit. You say, yourselves, that God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost are one, that is: three in one, and that God sent the son first, to die on the cross, for what reason? God, in order to appease his anger at mankind, found it indispensable to have his only son, a part of himself, suffer the agony of death and tortures much worse, but that in suffering and in dying, he did not lose any of his divine quality or power. The picture, accompanied by its impossible impossibilities, as a matter of reality, is but a suggestion under the law, admitting of such, that a part of the great God has been separated, individualized, and returned, in fancy, nevertheless, to the original of which though when apparently separated, was a component part, and present with. The picture also shows that a part of the Great Intelligence, such as we are, may be separated for a time, apparently, enjoy pleasures, suffer pains, and in fancy, die completely out of the way. Upon this truth, and no other, can be explained the ideas of heaven and hell. Further, under this great law, a susceptibility, though a component part of the great entity, suggests to itself an individual entity, and continues in such erroneous suggestion, on and on, through the various stages of apparent life, death, beyond the earthly home where it in fancy dwelt, down into a bottomless pit, called hell. Now, do you notice that all these supposed original things, such as heaven, hell and space, are suggested as boundless, and in that way, it is is impossible to declare them place or thing, as every place or thing must be bounded by something, by suggestion, and so it is through all the various suggestions of

entities, *nothing* is always the thing that does the *work*. Farther on, under the head of Nothing, this will be more fully explained. In this bottomless pit, called hell, the natural, perfectly sensitive individual will burn forever, not in any way consuming, yet, in ultra combustible fire of brimstone. I wonder who the fool was that started that story, and I wonder still more how there can be so very many fools as believe it until the present. The other reverse or extreme is stated as a heaven where all will be rest and recreation, when all, in fact, would be a mere intelligence, an adventurous prying into the realm of possibilities and experiences, just as the supposed Eve, the wife of Adam, so called, not satisfied with being nothing and knowing nothing, was supposed to have partaken of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Why was that tree left standing around there? I maintain that under the law of possibilities, imaginations and suggestions, and which law is peculiar in its own peculiarity, any susceptibility may create, in thought, nevertheless, a heaven, a hell, or any fancied thing, creating itself a god, having its own universe with its imaginary devil therein, and ruling with mighty hand the supposed millions when, in fact, all would be a mere dream, and there would be no reality in them or any of them, just as there is no reality in our supposed existence now, provided there be any other susceptibility besides myself, and such is a question with me. However, I believe there are others who exercise thought, and it is safe to say there are.

IMAGINATION.

At this stage of the discussion we shall imagine that there is something, and now let us undertake to separate that something from the thought of it. Such would be impossible, and it would likewise be impossible for one to see the supposed object were he deprived of the power to think. Since it is impossible to separate thought from the object, thought must necessarily be the object, or so interwoven with it, that they are one and the same. Therefore, nothing exists except in thought, and I further declare to you that nothing is or

ever was, except this infinite intelligence, or power. Why is it? Because it is, that's all. Who made it? It didn't have to be made, it being only a quality, and if you insist that it had to be made by something, you will also have to insist that something had to make the maker of the intelligence, and something had to make that, and something had to make that, and something had to make that, and that and that and that, and so on, *ad infinitum;* until you would reach the point where there was nothing to make anything, and then you would be just where I am now, and trying to bring you.

It has been suggested to us that there is a devil, and that the devil at one time was an angel in heaven, but happening to get into a fight in that holy place with some other angels, was kicked out, and after a falling experience consisting of numberless years, finally landed in hell where he set up an independent kingdom, adverse to the kingdom of the All-powerful God, maintained and maintains hitherto, the power to influence souls down to his dive: *wherever that is.* I should actually be ashamed to face the All Powerful Intelligence, and there confess that I believed any such story, and especially that any man or devil could in any way interfere with the affairs of the Great Power of which I am a part. There should be no need of comment upon this ridiculous idea; for God, being all-powerful, could not possibly have a rival, and whatever the devil was, or is now, or ever could be, were he a reality, he must necessarily have been so constituted by his maker, and the one who made the devil such a devil as he has been pictured would have to be as big a devil as the devil, but there is no devil, never was, and never will be one, and he will not lead anybody to hell; because there is not anybody to be led there, and no hell to be led to. It is all an illustration of the power of this Intelligence to create suggestions, ideas, leaving the only mystery, if mystery there be, in the *law.* The Santa Claus story is just such an idea, and there are those who believe every story they are told, as the suggestions of children do.

It doth seem strange to me that the suggestion of Moses, the ancient in fancy, compiler of the suggestion of the Bible,

and whatever susceptibility assisted him, in finding out the time this supposed world was created, and even going back to tell about the war in heaven, and learning all and everything about the world and the inhabitants thereof, did not learn the first and most important fancied fact about it, *that it is round,* and also what became of the supposed people in other parts of the supposed globe, when the suggestion of the little flood came, perhaps about the same as the suggestion of the Johnstown flood to these susceptibilities. Why and wherefore so many ridiculous ideas? I answer, for no other reason than the fact that this peculiar law permits of unlimited imaginations. As to the devil, no one has ever yet suggested an accepted picture of the imaginary individual; for nowhere will you find two pictures of the supposed devil alike. Some have horns, some have none. Why is it that there cannot be a picture of the supposed devil? Because no one has had suggested to him such an entity. No more can there be a picture of the idea of a material God; because no suggestion of the likeness has ever been made to the susceptibility. The fancied statement of a Moses that God created man after his own image, and yet, there are *no two supposed persons alike,* living or dead, in fancy. At that rate, God would be the image of everyone, from the blackest suggestion of the most uncivilized African to the fairest cultured Scandinavian, which is true in the idealistic sense, and not only every one supposed to be human, but every creature or other fancied thing suggested as existing. The susceptibility of suggestion cannot originate any picture that has not already been suggested to it from the invisible and hitherto undetermined source. The more we understand of these phenomena, the more we realize our ignorance, and truly he who knoweth most, admits he knoweth less. My compliments are therefore extended to those who assume to know everything, and yet when brought to the test, they say: "Well, we can't prove any of these things, but you must accept and believe them, and each of them, as self-evident truths." There is no self-evident truth. Truth is a plain simple fact, and admits of no qualification. A matter is true or not true, and cannot be half or

quarter true; it is either true or false, and if true, the truth is so plain on its face, that there can be no room or reason for doubt. That nothing cannot make something is true, and no one could or would dare to dispute that fact. If, then, we accept that as a fact, incontrovertible, we are to admit that the first thing would necessarily have to have been made by something; that that something would have to have been made by something, or it could not have made the first thing. We find ourselves face to face with a problem which no wisdom of fancied man or angel can explain as long as we cling to the idea that there is material, or made things, but dispensing with the idea of made things, and accepting the *Quality, vacuum* theory, in other words, the theory explained on the principle of the vacuum, the entire mystery is cleared away, and we have no further reason to doubt, worry or fear. Whether or not we were real, as long as we have the same benefit out of the fancied existence, makes no difference, and I am only after consolation, peace and assurance for the susceptibilities of suggestions, following a command which I received when I was the suggestion of a five-year-old boy. It was then that the message came to me, that through thought and experience, I was to be the one to lead the world in wisdom, putting all on the right course, and thereby saving the souls of the susceptibilities from ruin, despair and death, in fancy, which is the same and of the same effect as though it were real; for what one believes is that which shapes his fancied existence. The thought is the all. The reason, therefore, why the Great Intelligence causes *apparent* realities is simply because we could not *think* of *nothing,* neither could we enjoy ourselves without an apparent something. That is all.

It would be futile to undertake to more fully explain these philosophical truths; the remainder will have to come through your own susceptibility, when once you allow yourself to *think*. There is in fancied legal parlance that which is called: "A reasonable doubt." One charged with crime must be confronted with evidence sufficient to convince the jury that he is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt before he can be legally convicted. The highest supposed courts have held

that these words admit of no better explanation than they themselves convey, so that any attempt to explain to a jury what the words mean simply confuses instead of enlightening the jury, as the words are as plain as words can be. So it is with the suggestions as they come to the susceptibility; the thoughtful one, I mean: They explain themselves to such thoughful ones, now and then, thus giving us the suggestions of a Paine, Voltaire, or an Ingersoll, but these susceptibilities did not realize the *truth*. They knew the ideas and doctrines could not be true, and denounced too severely and doubted too completely, without going farther, and arriving at the reason why all these things, although untrue were believed, and by honest as well as wise susceptibilities. I believe everything, but in the idealistic sense. They simply advanced the ideas as they came to them, without fully debating both sides of the question, and denying the existence of a God, they should have been wise enough to know they were at the same time denying their power to say there was no God, or their own existence, even as susceptibilities; for it is a fact, and cannot be disputed, that there is a fountain head, or the stream cannot proceed, even in fancy. In other words, even a fancied thing cannot be seen without at least another fancied thing to see it. A world in fancy is as real in fancy as a world in material could be real in reality, and what could be the difference or the difference in benefit, satisfaction, consolation, etc., as long as the difference could not be appreciated. So, it was very easy for these magnetic intelligences, Ingersoll, Paine and Voltaire to advance ideas, but theirs were as dogmatic as the dogmas they attempted to refute. They might have known that there were reasons for fancied people believing as they did, and had done for supposed ages, and should have looked about for the reasons, and at the same time a plausible explanation whereby they might be convinced they were wrong. But to simply stand up and say there is no God, when everything suggested points to a God, or originating power was foolish, and would be foolish now. All we have to do in order to explain is to dispense with matter. Then the floodgates open, and light is shed throughout the realm of

thought. I am talking to the living and the dead, both in fancy, nevertheless; because there are no dead. We are all the same. The supposed departed linger the while with us, and but for the prejudice that we think we cannot see them, we could. As soon as we can be convinced that we do see them, we do. It is very easy to advance an idea, but not without thought, and through debate can a plausible explanation be given, yet, all and every supposed thing can be explained. I pass nothing without thinking of it until the reason why becomes apparent to me.

MAN.

For the sake of argument, and looking from a physical standpoint, let us suppose there is such a thing as a man (or mankind, including woman and child) and that such a man has life. If that life is only a dream, then he is a dream, but first, I am going to give you the benefit of his being a physical material thing, and with your own argument and your own philosophy, chemistry, physiology, etc., I am going to reduce him to nothingness, if you will but tarry the while I reason with you. The Germans (fancied, I mean) say: "Traeume sind Schaeume," which when translated, means: "Dreams are false, are shams," are like the sea foam when the suggestion of air has departed. We must really only suppose the Germans, air and sea foam exist. Neither in reality does, except as suggestions to the susceptibilities. A dream is nothing; man is nothing; because even the most liberal argument favoring his existence as a tangible entity concludes that it is the life alone that makes the man, and it is easy to prove that that life is only a dream. But one may ask: "What is dreaming?" I answer: Pictures flashed upon the retina of the susceptibility of suggestion from the mysterious transcendental obscurity into which perception cannot pierce. There is, however, an eternal suggestion constantly applying itself, and suggests, among other things, the existence of space. Now, every one knows, or should know that space is nothing. Lost in the intangibleness of its own intangibility, the very idea that it has no beginning and no end proves that it is nothing,

which means: no-thing, as if spelled with two words. As we have argued, nothing cannot make something, and it is equally true that something cannot be placed into nothing. Again I ask: What made the first thing? If the first thing always was, you cannot blame the infidel for advancing the theory that there is no God; for the mere existing of matter in the first instance could not have originated a mind, and if God is not mind, there can be no God. Matter, so called, could not plan, but as we see the suggestions of it to us, it would lie dormant until it became obliterated. The suggestion of a philosopher declares that it cannot be destroyed, but has to admit that influences from without cause it to assume different shapes, proportions, accept different qualities which completely control it. Then it must follow that quality is "*boss,*" and not matter. If there was always something, then there was nothing to be made, and if the first thing existed eternally, it could not have been otherwise than in the idealistic sense; because the doctrine admits of no dispute: Something would necessarily have to have made as well as to think of how to make the first thing, or it could not possibly have been in existence, either idealistically or in reality; because it would at least have to have been suggested by a mind, to contradistinguish it from the nothing that was apparent before it hove in view. By no system of logic can we even think of a no beginning, if we cling to the idea of the existence of material. The mind is lost when it attempts to separate something from its cause, or originator. What can suggest to these susceptibilities the possibility of a realization of a thing without form, and without a beginning? Here perception staggers and falls in appalling *nothingness* before the impenetrable obstruction made denser by its own obstructibility. We are slowly on our way to man, and we shall reach him in the further arguments under this head, wait:

Coming now to that suggestion which we have been taught to call electricity, supposing it to be a force, which is about to be used in the thoughts of the supposed French people in such a manner as to drive a car at the rate of 155 miles per hour. Who ever saw any electricity proper? Let

us note here the principle in philosophy, that electricity under certain conditions, glows with a white light, renders a non-conductor incandescent, etc., as we shall further on in this discussion find. The first suggestion to our susceptibilities in dealing with electricity is, that although it is supposed to exist, it must always be made by some other agency, and when that agency fails or even pauses for repairs, so called, the electricity ceases to be a factor. It seems to be creatable anywhere, by most any thing, and yet, when once "on its high horse," and in action, there is no limit to its destructive qualities, or its utilities; it seems at times to even destroy its originator or creator—Quality. It even suggests itself as speaking with a fancied human voice. Now, where does the electricity go while the fancied agency rests? It remains a mysterious quality, ready to be applied to anything at any time, in fancy, nevertheless; for I am still maintaining, and electricity is proving for me that quality, and quality alone is the creator, in imagination, however, of all supposed things, which said quality is Intelligence, exemplified in various manners of suggestions. Were electricity a thing, it would not become nothing the very instant its agency failed. Where does it go? If it were something it would have to go somewhere. Start the wheels, the brushes create electricity, in fancy, but from *nothing*. In no time at all it would be around the world, supposed to be, billions of times and in our imagination, it would kill a thousand men. Note: a mere quality is now killing the very fancied creator of it, in the particular instance. Stop the wheels, and the fancied wire could be used for tieing purposes, or to hang a dog. The fancied light which electricity makes, we think we see, but remove the carbon, even think there is a little break in it, or break the globe, and let the nothing out of the vacuum, and the electricity disappears, the light has gone. The light was not there at all, and there was never anything there, only a suggestion. Light is only a suggestion, fancied in different colors under proper analysis, and yet to the ignorant, it has only one suggestion, like the suggestion of a John Jasper preaching: "The sun do move," simply because a fable

appears in the suggestion of a Bible that a Joshua told the sun to stand still, and the "World am squar"; because he could not see enough of the suggestion of it to appreciate the roundness in fancy, of our fancied earth.

Some one will say: I can feel electricity, and if you may be deceived in the matter of sight, you cannot be in the matter of feeling; but it is true that in the matter of the fancied feeling is where the greatest deception lies. If one could depend upon anything as real, he would be safer to depend upon what he thought he saw than what he thought he felt. So one might say he could feel electricity, the pain it might produce, but you do not feel anything, as pain, you only think you do; for there is no such thing as pain; it is merely a suggestion. The suggestion of taking certain supposed drugs will prevent the fancy of pain. If pain were a real thing, or a real condition (to be liberal), it would maintain itself regardless of the little drug, as suggested. The idea is: that when you can become convinced the pain is gone, it is.

THE HYPNOTIST.

A hypnotist (supposing for the sake of argument that such a being exists—or a mesmerist) might stand by, and tell you to take hold of a fancied live wire, suggested as being charged with electricity, and further tell you that through the act you would feel no pain. Then you would feel no pain, provided you believed the hypnotist, or were sufficiently under his influence to cause you to believe involuntarily. The pain would not be there simply because you believed it was not there. The same hypnotist, or mesmerist, might also tell you there was no wire there, and under the foregoing conditions, you would find the wire had disappeared. Your eyes (?) are still staring in the direction of the wire (?), they are in perfect condition, and yet, the wire is there and not there, according to which the hypnotist sees fit to cause you to believe, clearly demonstrating, nay, proving, that the mind is the creator and the destroyer of fancied matter. There can be no other conclusion sanely drawn.

Then the hypnotist might say to you: "The wire is there, but it is ice-cold." Taking it into your hand, in fancy, you would have the suggestion of a cold sensation. This done he might say: "My friend you are bleeding to death; a stream of blood is flowing from your side." You would see the fancied stream of blood, languish and die from the effects of its loss, when, in fact, not one drop of blood would have flown. Thus, the great hypnotist, Intelligence, comprehending all its various associated qualities, has, and with our own assistance, builded for us an imaginary world, and surrounded us with visionary fancies. Who can say that we are not all hypnotized now, and who would dare say, that the Intelligence that makes us what we think we are is inferior to a hypnotist or a mesmerist; either of whom, we admit, can cause us to see things which do not exist. Now, "on this rock I build my church"; on this doctrine I stand, and defy the entire world of thought to contradict me.

Continuing with the hypnotist, I assure you, that if one had "the faith of a grain of mustard seed," whether a recognized hypnotist or not (and it is simply *faith* that makes the hypnotist), he might say to your fancied prostrate body, dead, so to speak: "You are alive now, get up and walk," and you would immediately obey the summon, arise, go forth, rejoicing, finding yourself in perfect suggested health, your blood intact, and in good condition. It is because "We now see through a glass dimly," and because "We know only in part," that these suggestions seem to some of us to savor of incredibility, but the awakening comes; we throw off the yoke of fear, selfishness, hope of reward, or despair, and live in the everlasting realm of bliss, as supplied with the sweet influences of the Great Intelligence, not ending our career with a few fancied years, but as long as the years of eternity, in imagination, roll, we sublimely bask in the effulgence of love, joy, bliss and glory. These and far more than these are true, but we must philosophize to understand them.

Remaining a while longer, in fancy, with the hypnotist, I here further assure you that should he leave your fancied dead body where it had fallen when you bled to death from the

fancied hole in your side, and, in fancy, return after an absence of a supposed thousand years (provided in the meantime you did not imagine yourself eaten by the supposed worms of the earth, so called, fowls of the air, or fish of the sea, and provided also that said hypnotist did not before the expiration of that supposed period of time imagine himself dead) and even then command you to return to life, you would return to it the same as you were when first you saw the fancied electric wire and before you bled to death from the fancied hole in your side, which the hypnotic quality of the suggestion of a hypnotist had caused you to believe you had at that time died. All this could happen in a dream of less than one secon's duration, even according to your ideas of computing time. Yet there would in fact have been no hypnotist nor any you at any time, nor anything else; only suggestions to the aforesaid susceptibilities, admitting of no minuter explanation; because the very idea to a philosophical intelligence is fully explanatory of itself. "*La vida es suaña*—life is a dream; say the Spanish, supposed to exist as other people are supposed to be in existence.

SLEEPING OR AWAKE, WHEN?

"How," still another asks, "does one know when he sleeps or when he is awake?" No one knows. Here, if I may be pardoned, I shall tell you a story of a conversation, which, in my fancy, took place many supposed years ago when I was the suggestion of a boy, between an old man, who worked on the farm for my father, and myself. I had been reading from a fancied book, the name of the author of which I do not now remember, and had found these words: "Life is a dream," followed by a discussion and argument in support of that declaration. In fancy I left my hammock, and went out into the suggestion of a field in order to discuss the subject with the old man, who was as ignorant, so far as "book learning" was concerned, as any man could be, and yet seemed to possess the ability to answer questions quickly and with degree of reason. Beginning, I said: 'Uncle Ike, the man who wrote this book says life is a dream. I believe it. What do

you think about it?' The old man stood speechless for a while, leaning upon the handle of his hoe (all by suggestion, of course) and then he began, with eyes aglow with earnestness, to speak, demurely saying: "Well, honey, dat ar mought do alright to stuff down my froat, eff er didn't haf to work, but, bless yer soul, dar haint no dream erbout work." His philosophy, if such we may consider it, was seemingly unanswerable at that apparent time, but I can answer it refutingly now. A story is told, and whether this one be true or otherwise, there has been in my own experience sufficient to assure me that such could have been *indubitably true.* I am telling the story of a man, a deserter from the army of his country who fled to the fancied land of Egypt. Becoming weary, "worn-out," he asked for a place to sleep, and another supposed being watching him as he fell into a slumber, simultaneously tipped over a bottle of wine, and just as the last drop had issued from the bottle, he caused the sleeper to awake, the time was less than two minutes. During those two minutes the sleeper had dreamed that he was captured, returned to his country, and impressed again into the army service, engaging later in war with the Turks; that he was captured by the Turks, made a slave, and compelled to work as such slave for twenty-five years. During those imaginary twenty-five years he experienced all the incident changes: the torture of warfare and slavery, the fright attendant upon being captured by the enemy, the endurance of time and the fatigue due to the labor which he had during that time performed, the same as if it had been real; also eating, sleeping, and waking alternately, and suffering out the full period of twenty-five years, and the actual time was less than two minutes. Thus, you see, that there is no limit to the number, quality or duration of these suggestions, otherwise known as imagination, and they extend even to and including the supposed death. But there is no death; because there is nothing in existence to die, neither is there technically any such thing as time; for we are in eternity now "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it it is past," says the supposed Psalmist in speaking of the great Intelligence.

A dream (from the standpoint of comparison and I could not have you attempt to separate dreaming from real life, or from being awake) is only that form of suggestion to the aforesaid susceptibility which apparently affords a variance, as compared with the other order of dreams in general, but there is no real difference in dreaming and being awake; the dreaming in the ordinarily accepted sense being merely a resting of the susceptibilities and an opportunity given each susceptibility to see the truth if it could but reason properly. If I may be pardoned for tautology, I would again call your attention to the fact that mind, so called, is not the property of the individual, presuming for the sake of argument that he existed as a tangible entity. We have all seen that the mind can be taken from the individual at any time, and either permanently withheld or returned at the pleasure of the great fountain head of Intelligence of which the mind is an inseparable part, likewise the fancied being. The individual (and we must consider him only in the abstract, a mere susceptibility of suggestion) is the creature of the mind, in other words, we are because we think we are, and to withdraw the mind completely would be to remove the individual from the possibility of perception. I take no issue with Mark Hopkins when he says: "The mind is a permanent thinking thing," excepting as to the word: *"thing"* (there being no thing anywhere). The mind, however, is permanent because it is an attribute of the great Intelligence we have been taught to designate as God. The God lends it, so to speak, to susceptibilities that appear in imaginary forms of man, beast, bird and insect, but in varied degree. It is reasonable to presume that the dullest suggestion of a worm or a bug through suggestion has a kingdom of its own, its suggestions of beauty, love, music, ambition, glory, its heaven and its hell. The very fact that the dullest fancied worm desires to live and dreads death, I mean the suggestion of death, means that it is apparently living for some reason. No imaginary thing would want to live unless it had in thought something to live for. It maybe that to the worm susceptibility we are suggestions as merely hideous monsters or even more inferior to them than they appear

to us; for it is the quality of the mind, so called, to create anything or any kind of appearing thing, all depending upon the law of suggestion and how the pictures come.

God alone is sacred, true and hitherto undefinable. I mean the ideal God because there is no material God nor any material anything. Again do I claim, without attempting or intending to be egotistic, that I am the first susceptibility to explain the erstwhile mysterious suggestion. I have explored in my quest of truth, the immeasureable measures of the immeasureable, and descended to the unfathomable fathoms of the unfathomable, but I return, and in humble deference to the great Intelligence, declare: wonderful, sublimely great are the ways, the illusions, the suggestions, explainable only through one suggestion, but inexplainable in any way if we cling to the idea of the existence of material entities. I cannot by any rational conjecture, or divined hypothesis, separate myself from that upon which I depend to be a whatever I am, from that part of which I am or I am nothing, and rather than believe that I am in any way separated, or shall have to tread the supposed coming ages alone and unprotected, I would lose the suggestion even of self, and voluntarily ask, nay, pray earnestly to become a part of the great Intelligence, the everlasting God. In order to more fully explain the nonentity of supposed things as an existing materiality, we shall now suppose there is such a thing as man, and allow you to call him a "lump of clay." Using your own argument, physiology and anatomy, so called, we find that man, however solid as to flesh or osseous tissue, is more than two-thirds water, and if clay is water there is no clay. If hydrogen and oxygen are water, there is no water. If hydrogen as well as oxygen is a gas, there is no hydrogen, and if gas cannot be classed higher than smoke, there is no gas, and if "in a whole yard full you cannot catch a bowl full" (of smoke) then there is no such thing as smoke. The question now arises: What do you say of the other one-third of the supposed human body? Let us take what appears to be the hardest part, the bones, and dispose of that. Upon a supposed pile of the hardest bone, place acid in sufficient quantities, and return soon afterwards to find

that the bones have disappeared. The chemist so called, or the suggestion of a chemist, would say, the acid has eaten the bones. Now it is true that acid has no organ of digestion and cannot eat. There is no such thing as acid. We can only say the supposed man has now entirely disappeared, and moralize, philosophize and hypothesize, but in no way can we prove where the man has gone. Let me tell you where he has gone: just where he was in the first place, no where; because there is no where to go. Supposed philosophers, chemists, and others have endeavored to prove where the departed go or are, and many, because they could not conceive of a more reasonable solution of the problem, have been satisfied to accept all sayings or ideas in that regard as self-evident truths. In the supposed science class in the supposed academy where I in fancy studied and learned science, it was suggested to me by the fancied books and teachers that there were such things as molecules and atoms, infinitismally small, and existing themselves as separate entities. In other words, every supposed body was said to be composed or made of molecules and the molecules made of still smaller particles called atoms. It was admitted, however, that such was only a theory and that the most powerful microscope had never yet revealed even the molecules, and yet the theory is advanced that the molecules, themselves invisible, are composed of still minuter particles, the atoms. In their science they go still farther and declare and would have you believe that space exists not only betwen the molecules but the atoms as well and that no particle of matter, so called, however small, ever touches another. That which depends upon mere theory for veracity is always subject to attacks and contradictions. One has as much right to believe this way as another has to believe that; because no one really knows anything; there being nothing to know about. Still there can be argument which is unanswerable but it must go to the very foundation of the subject and come reasonably, philosophically and *commonsensically* all the way along the line explaining as it goes in such manner "that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err," and be so plainly illustrated "that he who runs may

read." I do not theorize. All I state is indisputable, agreeing with *accepted facts.*

As I said so far *supra,* by no system of argument, philosophy or logic can there be explained a no beginning if we attempt to preserve the doctrine of the existence of man as a material entity. I go farther and add that nothing can be explained upon the principal of doctrine of the existence of any matter. If we contend that there has been the existence of any matter always, it would have been then and would be now of a stable quality to say the least, yet there is no fact more noticeable to the susceptibilities than the changeableness of the supposed material things, and even the supposed material man, after fancied time, changes and disappears even from himself. That which could be everlasting without a beginning must necessarily be without an end, and if matter existed always, it would be far more reasonable to presume that matter and not mind was the creator. If matter was not the creator, and mind being able of itself, through its varied imagining abilities to create all things (in fancy nevertheless), necessary for its ultimate satisfaction, wherefore the need of the actual creation of matter? According to our observation, mind controls the supposed matter; it builds and tears down fancied walls, bridges, edificies, structures of all kinds, descends into the bowels of the earth, supposed to exist, and shatters the rocks of ages, as it appears, and it sends fancied matter where it will. And even as to the supposed man, when the mind is gone, he is no more. Now, I ask, since mind created matter, in the common acceptance of the term, as you have understood, upon what did the mind exist, or how did it enjoy itself before matter was created, and what will it do after matter is no more; for we are *positively* (?) assured that the earth will be destroyed. I don't believe it. I know that it cannot be destroyed; because it is not in existence or capable of being destroyed. I know myself better than I can explain to you, but once you begin to think and correctly philosophize, at the same time observing carefully the various suggestions as they come to you, you will be thoroughly convinced that we could and actually do enjoy a world in our

imaginations, and all the supposed things therein without there being one object of material reality.

If it were true that those who are supposed to have stood by, and to have seen the Roman soldier pierce the side of the suggestion of Jesus Christ, and witnessed the gushing of blood and water from his side, did really see the same, then I ask, whence did the great flood of blood and water come? He certainly could not have contained it all in the supposed human body, and if those supposed people were led to imagine they saw such a flowing stream, we can even unto this fancied time be led to imagine we see flowing streams and other suggestions not necessarily real; for the power of the susceptibility to reecive suggestions is not in any wise *limited.* I am in fancy sitting here at my fancied desk, engaged in dictating thoughts in the suggestion of words to a stenographer, and before the suggestion of the rising sun, the condition of my mind may be so changed in the order of suggestions, so diversified that I may imagine myself President of the United States, King of England, Emperor of Germany, Czar of Russia or the Rajah of some Eastern municipality, and all the suggestions of people in the fancied world might tell me I was mistaken yet they could not change my situation or belief because I would in fancy see myself, believe myself and even know myself as such. I would be President, King, Emperor, Czar, Rajah or even beggar, according to the suggestion I received from the misleading presentations of the supposed realities through idealistic pictures. If I believed I was a King or an Emperor, I would necessarily enjoy all the glory attendant upon such position, respectively, when in fact I would be nothing at all, just as I am; a mere intelligence to receive suggestions, and powerless to keep them away from whatever source they may be directed, or in whatsoever hallucinating manner they may come. Such is the peculiarity of the law governing this strange fancied state of existence.

SEEING AND HEARING.

Perhaps the greatest cause of all the fancied suggestions being believed is the misguided idea that we see and hear.

We do neither in reality. "How do I see," says susceptibility. The fancied philosopher in fancy answers: "You see with your eyes," meaning through the medium of the eyes, so called, the optic nerve acting as a means of transportation whereby to carry the picture from the fancied external world to the brain, the brain being the supposed location of the mind, has to do the seeing after all. A picture:—Let us pause here and think. We admit the supposed object has not been and cannot be conveyed to the brain. We likewise admit that there are no eyes in or upon the brain. We do admit, however, that the supposed external object is there or the picture of it. We believe in the fancied building of things, as for example: supposed structures; houses and buildings, but before the fancied erection thereof the suggestion of an architect must first erect the building in his mind. The mind, therefore, seeing the building before it exists, even according to your extravagant ideas of material existence. As I said *supra* it is the mind that sees, and not the eye. Now, if the mind, being hidden, so to speak, way back beyond the eyes, can see something which is on the outside, why could it not as well see something on the inside; see not only the real but the fancied as well? If the mind is capable of receiving a picture, it should also be capable of sending out a picture. We must admit that there are many minds, so considered, which see things that do not really exist; which fact is not and cannot be contradicted. Since then, it is possible to see some things non-existent, why not possible to see all?

They tell us we hear through the organism of the ear, and the question I would here ask, is: How shall we be able to hear the music in heaven after the supposed ear shall have rotted in the fancied earth? "Oh, that's left with the Lord," some one would say. Yes, it is all left with the Lord, it is all with the Lord, it is all through the Lord and the Lord is all there is. We really see because we think we see, and we hear because we think we hear, but we do not in reality see or hear at all in the generally accepted sense. I was, for argument's sake, in church last Sunday. I also admit, for the

same reason, that some of you were there, and that there was a clock on the wall, and that the clock ticked; in fact, you were there only in my thought; the clock was there because I thought of clock, and I doubt if any others of you saw the clock there or heard it tick save myself. Now, I ask, how many of you heard the clock tick or strike last Sunday, or have during this entire week heard a clock tick or strike, although the suggestion of one may have been constantly on the wall of your room and constantly supposed to be ticking? Now, I think of clock and one appears on the wall, think of ticking and I hear the clock tick. I forget clock and ticking, and the clock will disappear and be unheard although my fancied eyes are turned in that direction. I heard the clock tick because I thought of clock, and saw it on the wall, because I looked that way, thinking of clock, but had I not been thinking of clock, I might have sat in fancy facing the place where it is supposed to be and it would not have been there. At the time of the supposed sermon it was ticking louder than the preacher was talking, and yet all, excepting one fancied man who fell asleep, heard the sermon; because they were thinking of sermon. The service was there because we thought of service but to the man who fell asleep there was no sermon. He imagined (?) well, he thought he saw, perhaps, a beautiful field of flowers, and in his imagination was strolling among them. Had it been possible for some one then to say to him: "There are no flowers here," he would not have believed; because he saw (?) them. Thus are we now seeing (?) things which do not exist. There is nothing to be seen, and neither is there any necessity for the existence of anything. Satisfaction is the only and highest aim of these susceptibilities of suggestions, and he who is satisfied with even nothing surely has all he wants. Life (?) is more to him who is satisfied with nothing than the fancied millions of a supposed dissatisfied millionaire. The preacher delivered a powerful sermon (all in fancy, nevertheless), the organ peeled forth soul-stirring strains, the white-robed choir sang with a sweetness unsurpassed, but this man slept on and on. He was there and not there; not there because his mind was not there. Likewise

were we there and not there. It was only a question of suggestions. Now, supposing we had gone there only to see the clock and hear it tick, then the clock would have been there to all and the clock only. The discourse of the learned Doctor of Divinity, the organ or the glorious choir would not have been there at all, and could not possibly have been there without our thinking of them. Imagine yourself as walking along a supposed public highway, absent-mindedly, and you will pass your very best friend without even seeing him or her. There are no people on the street unless you think of people. There is no preacher, no organ or any choir, except as they exist in our thoughts, and we are not ourselves except as we think of ourselves and ceasing to think of ourselves we are no more; not even susceptibilities of suggestion. It would be impossible to separate a clock or any other supposed object, in fancy existing, from the thought which creates it. The suggestion of a St. Paul says: "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, and things which are seen were not made of things that do appear." We also have the suggestion of a Jesus Christ saying: "Seeing, ye perceive not." Now, if the worlds were framed by the word of God, according to St. Paul, they were necessarily framed by the mind of God, and we, being a part of God, see them as God sees them, in mind only, and, surely, since the things that are seen were not made of things that do appear, then there is a lack of material in the construction of the supposed things, which forever sets at rest the question of the existence of any material being or thing.

If there be nothing, one may ask: How do you account for the existence of God, the advent of Jesus Christ upon the earth and for the existence of a heaven and a hell? Briefly stated, God, Jesus Christ, and all other intelligences are one. The fancied sending of Christ into the realm of the susceptibilities was a suggestion nearly imitating what might have been the *concrete,* but purely in the *abstract;* for no susceptibility knew or knows now whence Christ came or whither He went, or anything about Him more than He chose to tell. No one was prepared to teach Him anything because He knew

it all, and necessarily brought His full knowledge with Him, and He departed with it unimpaired. As to heaven and hell they are conditions merely. Two susceptibilities may be in the same zone, or in the same supposed room, while one would be freezing and the other roasting, in imagination, nevertheless. All depends upon the character of the suggestion. Likewise, one might be happy and the other miserable while no apparent cause be realized. Hell or heaven, by suggestion, comes to him who desires and in thought does right or wrong, respectively.

Let us go a little farther and we see in fancy a man with what is called *delirium tremens*. Several of his best and truest friends, among whom may be his wife, are standing by to assist him. He sees in their hands daggers of the keenest and revolvers of the most hideous quality. A thousand tongues (supposing tongues exist) could not convince him that those daggers and revolvers are not there; because he *sees* them. How can this man see some things that do not exist, whether he be intoxicated or sober, and see them so plainly that he cannot be convinced otherwise? You answer: "He did not see them, he only thought he did." That is just what I am telling you now; you don't see anything, you only think you do. For a good and happy susceptibility to think it saw beautiful and useful things would be a reasonable "set-off" for a mean and unhappy susceptibility seeing (in thought, nevertheless) dangerous and uncanny things. In other words, the suggestions usually come to suit the conditions of the susceptibility, just as the fancied man going out looking for trouble will be sure to find it, in fancy, however. The mind is the supposed man. You think you see me, but I tell you I am not here, and who knows better than I where I am?

We pass now to the other extreme where nothing is seen, heard or felt. The individual (we admit for the sake of argument) is unconscious, and because that individual is unconscious, I would say has a cessation of the susceptibility, or would say, the aforesaid intelligence. There exists nothing, not even consciousness of the individual herself, supposing

it to be a beautiful woman, "clad," as says the supposed Shakespeare, "in the prodigality of nature." Still, there is nothing to her. She has a brain, as we for argument admit, but realizes not, eyes wide open, but sees not, ears unobstructed, but hears not, a nose in perfect health, but smells not anything, however extravagant, and fingers trained to the most delicate sense of touch, but feels not; a healthy tongue, but tastes not, and there the apparition lies; not asleep, no, wide awake. What is the trouble? This apparition, or susceptibility, has had taken from her all suggestions of the supposed external or internal entities, suggesting to us, if we but carefully notice, the possibility of a nonentity suggesting itself as an entity. All her world has disappeared; she has even disappeared from herself, and we are allowed to think we see her for the lesson it teaches or should teach us, just as the suggestion of a Savior appeared to show the way to heaven, which is simply by being right here. This is heaven. It is a condition, as I above stated, and we are conditions, a part of the great and everlasting Intelligence, infinite and not undefinable. Now, supposing this supposed unconscious being were left unconscious throughout eternity so called, there could not in any possible way be an eternity to her, strongly verifying the fact that things are only because we think they are.

It must be true that life is a dream; for oft have we been awakened from supposed peaceful sleep and dreams, to find our minds in a state almost unbearable. Then do we wish that we might have remained in the dreams forever; because they are more pleasant suggestions than those to which we in fancy awakened to receive, and therefore preferable. Who can prove whether he was dreaming then or is dreaming now, or dreaming or awake at any suggestion? I maintain we are dreaming ever, and I know we are; for there are suggestions in this transtory supposed world which are too ridiculous for any measure or reconciliation. If one finds a true friend in a supposed whole life-time, he has accomplished more than the suggestion of a William the Conqueror or the great Napoleon did. The unstability of things supposed to exist is one

of the strongest arguments in support of my declarations. Everything (supposed) changes. Love, as a possession, alone lives forever, but how often can true love be found?

Returning now to our subject direct, we find such a situation as a suggestion being withdrawn as to one susceptibility and not as to another. An old man (in fancy,nevertheless) goes all over the house cursing his children for having misplaced his pipe and eyeglasses; until he finds his pipe in his mouth and the eyeglasses on his nose. The man had sat down to enjoy the suggestion of reading, perhaps, with pipe and eyeglasses, or rather the suggestions of them, in their respective places; his mind, absorbed in the supposed reading, loses sight of the pipe and eyeglasses, and as they exist only in his thought, they disappear completely until he thinks them into fancied existence again. He might go on forever, so to speak, looking for his pipe and eyeglasses did not some direct and positive thought or belief suggest that the pipe and glasses were really there. The moment he might by any means be caused to believe that he had pipe and eyeglasses, they would be there to him; otherwise, never. Absent-mindedness (?) no, *absent articles.* Now, if there were really a man and had there really been a pipe in his mouth, how could he have sworn without noticing it, or its dropping out of his mouth? If glasses were really before his eyes, how could he have looked without seeing them? In fact, there was no man, no pipe, nor any glasses; only a suggestion to an on-looking susceptibility, affording, as it were, entertainment.

THE SUGGESTION OF THINGS GROWING.

We have the suggestion of a giant oak growing from a little acorn. The acorn is supposed to be placed in what we consider the earth, where it remains until it becomes a nonentity. From the supposed acorn, we have the suggestion of the growing up of a little plant. To look at the fancied plant from a scientific standpoint it would appear that a marvelous transformation had taken place, which situation would be to say the least explainable upon a theory merely. The suggestion of a scientist would say (in this regard he would assume

the title of botanist) that in the acorn now passed away there was a germ of life from which, through which and by means of which the plant was produced. Supposing we were to accept the theory that the life in the acorn had produced the plant we would then be compelled to admit that something else would be necessary to maintain direct and increase in volume that little plant. The acorn is now powerless, the plant is a different thing from the acorn and later on the plant becomes a different thing from its original self (all in fancy, however). In our dreams, days, months, years and ages pass. Then we return, as it were, to find a giant oak. The question now arises, how did the oak get there, and we receive this answer: It grew. If it grew, it grew from nothing; because the suggested quality of the parent acorn was not the same as the suggestion of the firm and solid oak. If it were possible that matter existed, and could produce other matter,, it would necessarily produce that of the same class, but here we find a different material spring from a nonentity; because even though we admit there was life in the acorn sufficient to produce the origin of the oak, it could not produce the oak, and the little supposed part from which the life of the oak is presumed to have originated, apparently dies in the earth along with the rest. Now, what produced the oak? In our imagination it adds something to nothing, and exhibits nothing as a means of the addition. Nor can the closest observation see the additions being made, although it is supposed to be growing all the time, the growth being so slow as to be imperceptible. Supposing an oak to be growing a thousand years, and supposing a man to be living a thousand years and watching the supposed growth of that oak every second of the time during that thousand years, he would not be able to see it grow one iota. There are the suggestions of plants which spring from the seed through and above the earth that covers them during a night, but watch them during that night and you would not see them come up. Why? Because they do not come up. The oak reaches its full dimensions although, as aforesaid, it might be watched every moment, without the ability of any supposed being or beings to see any increase,

regardless of the fact that it is supposed to start from the ground, and to go many feet into the air, so called. It is noticable that not only the tree or the plant, but every supposed thing seems necessary to be grown, even supposed human being, and yet the suggestion of the story of a supposed Adam and Eve says they were made full size. We would give the supposed things power to build themselves, and yet take from them the power to preserve themselves. When we look again for the supposed giant oak, or the supposed man, both have disappeared from the fancied world forever. Where have they gone? It can only be as with all other supposed entities, the picture flourishing in the imagination of the susceptibility for the supposed time, and then disappearing as nothing which they always were. The acorn could not get up out of the earth and build the oak, nor could the oak build itself from nothing, and it were possible for any supposed human agency, or other agency to destroy it at any time, even though it were the suggestion of a small boy capable of building a fancied fire around it, according to our suggestion of a destroying agency. The idea that there is such a thing as fire, and that fire destroys, is erroneous; because fire, like the supposed electricity, cannot exist even in our thought independently of something to feed upon or wrap itself around. Vanish the agency or the support of the supposed fire and the fire is gone. A fancied conflagration starts, and in our imagination rages, destroying as it goes, until the supposed material it seems to be burning is in our fancy removed, and then the fire disappears. It certainly at that point must be a nonentity, and I have failed to find any reason why a nonentity, thoroughly suggested as such, should have a destructive power, since nothing cannot produce something. It follows therefore that nothing could not destroy something, if something were really there, or if something there were. Now the question arises, how did the first fire originate? Unless there were something for it to act upon, and since it comes from nothing, or even in our most liberal suggestions, is merely the friction of two supposed objects, it can at best be a mere suggestion; because no part or particle of the supposed entity or entities which produces

the fancied fire needs in any way to be impaired. It is therefore only a flash, a reflection, or picture, a suggestion of a destroying quality, and if we but carefully notice, shows to us conclusively that even those supposed entities which we have been taught to consider material can be even in our vivid imaginations reduced to nonentity by a suggestion which cannot possibly be of itself an independent entity or even an independent force.

Regardless of the apparent firmness and conclusiveness of the supposed objects, whether or not they or either of them be a producer of the suggestion of force or power, it is always noticable that not the fancied matter itself but something hidden within or in connection with the supposed entity, that does the acting part and in most cases the supposed object, in order to assert itself or its power, must necessarily become a nonentity in order to do so. The only real results apparent which we get are from nothing. Let us imagine ourselves back in the science class (in our fancy) and hear the teacher say: "Liquids at rest have a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch in all directions." Upon this principle the great supposed hydraulic pressure is based, and seems to assert itself as a potent reality. Following along the line of this principle, the greater density you are capable of causing liquids to assume the proportionate increase of the power to press is thereby increased. Now supposing it were possible, in our imagination, to compress liquids to a nonentity, then, according to the aforesaid principle, we could lift the universe and throw it anywhere we wished to. It is when we reach the suggestion of a nothing that we begin to see something and see something done, clearly showing that nothing is all there is. Let us stop a while and consider some of the principles of telegraphy, so called. As long as the electric current in our imagination maintains itself without a break there is nothing but the fancied current. It is the break of the supposed current that causes a nonentity as to the current at least to exist, and from this nonentity you get your dot or your dash. Likewise the break of the current causes the bell to ring. So it is not the electricity that causes the sign to be made but the absence

of the electricity, and so it runs throughout all the pictured fancies to the susceptibilities even while we indulge in the presumption of the existence of material, that our results are obtained through the fancied disappearance of the supposed reality. Now there is something (not a thing) but a something, for the sake of a name merely, that causes all these supposed actions which, we must admit even arguing from a physical standpoint, cannot be caused without the absence of the supposed realities, and what is that something?

That something is the Intelligence, which alone can suggest to the susceptibility any idea. The supposed material, however much we may believe in its power to do or to act, must always be, in our thought, reduced at least the suggestion of something else before we notice any results, and before its apparent mission is completely served, it has, even to the materialist, disappeared. Coal (I mean the suggestion thereof) must, in our fancy, be utilized through a fancied process of burning, and even the burning coal does not suggest itself as warming us, or making the steam, so called. There must be the suggestion of heat; something (?) again that we cannot see. The fancied steam which drives the locomotive, or turns the wheels, so considered, does it by means of a hidden fancied power called force. We cannot see the force. The fancied gravitation which we say holds the earth and other supposed planets, cannot be seen, even arguing from a material standpoint, and the fancied greatest of all forces, capable even of causing, in our imagination, a machine to talk, has never been seen. It is the *nothing* that seems to talk or sing. The greatest suggested powers, therefore, of any fancied material thing is suggested as found by reducing it to nothingness, even in our most cherished ideas and hopes that material things are and have virtue in them. The fancied strong man, beast, or other thing suggested as doing work demonstrates the ability to suggest as performing through what we denominate as strength, and yet that strength, so called, is like all the other supposed forces not itself suggested as a visible entity. Water (as suggested) seems to be a powerful thing, but in order to in our fancy demonstrate its power, the scientific princi-

ples of the pressing virtue in all directions, or the reduction to nothingness must be relied upon. Now, who can tell what is in the water to make it press thus, even though it were a material thing? The pressing quality, we must admit, is a nonentity at best, and even that fancied virtue of the supposed water that apparently gives life and nourishment to the fancied thirsty man, beast or plant is, according to our best observation, a quality merely, a nonentity. The fancied dynamite which in our fancy would in small quantities blow up and reduce to nonentities all fancied material, seems to be lost in the supposed act, but there is a suggestion of an indiscernable virtue which apparently does the work. Certainly it is not the dynamite that does it, even though the dynamite were real, and actual destruction accomplished. Thus, you see, that even in the material sense, it is always nothing that appears to do the work. Thus might we go on, theorizing, and theorizing, without really knowing anything of the hidden mysteries of the Great Intelligence, did we cling to the idea of the existence of matter. So long as the theorist holds that matter does really exist, there is no idea he may advance that can be explained beyond the possibility of contradiction. He is compelled to admit that these fancied results seem to be from certain causes, but what the causes are he does not know. He, in fancy, does certain things, and certain results seem to follow, but where the power that makes the apparent results comes from or where they, or either of them go, he cannot tell. So it is with the suggestion of a preacher holding forth from a rostrum. He says: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," but he then is compelled to admit that there was no beginning. If then there was no beginning there could not possible have ever been a creation of anything whatsoever. Since the nothing (the invisible virtue) does the apparent work, wherefore the need of something since it must first be reduced to nothing, even in our fancies and our thoughts, though we be materialists, in belief? Better is it that there be nothing, and then we save the fancied work. Let us all rest, in thought.

A seeking after the blissful state known as consolation occupies the entire cravings and desires of the souls, so called, of the susceptibilities, if distinct souls there be, but I fail to see wherein there can be any division of the Great Intelligence, excepting as a spark may fly in our imagination from a fire; the fire remaining intact, and with spark almost, if not quite, instantly becoming a nonentity, not even returning to its parent, the supposed conflagration. I say the entire cravings, as well as the ultimate ambitions, of the supposed physical entities are consolation, and perfect satisfaction, and theretoward journey benighted pilgrims in this heretofore fancied world of uncertainties. No two think the same, and the diversity of opinions even in regard to religion is so very great that a belief in one doctrine virtually condemns the other, and so we have in the great *now* (magnified nevertheless into thousands, perhaps millions of years) suffered the pangs and tortures of misguided suppositions; until many have grown weary, as it were, of the wranglings and the hypocricies which permeate, and seem to be a part of the entire existence, and on account of the same, have given up or lost the only avenue to consolation: Hope. But to these I would say: Be cheerful, and trust in the everlasting Intelligence to shed proper light upon your pathway, and to guide you to the realm of consolation as hitherto I have come and I am never unhappy.

It matters not to me what the suggestions may be, whether dining with crowned heads or sleeping with tramps, or mingling with the supposed intermediate stations of the fancied life (all of which experiences I have had suggested to me), or whether going with or without food or shelter, I am happy all the apparent time; because I believe, I know there it nothing real to be lost, and nothing to be gained save the consolation which comes from the proper exercise of the thinking quality, which is an endowment of susceptibilities, generally, the experiences of love to the Great Intelligence and fellow susceptibilities, and an eternal *name,* a part of the great and everlasting God, *the God.* I have said everlasting, and I say everlast-

ing *now;* because there is no measuring of the suggestion of time. If there were such a thing as time a beginning and an ending would be necessary. There being no time dispenses with the necessity for a beginning or an ending—nothing to begin, and nothing to end. The Intelligence of which we are a decided part, and, with certain qualifications, as much a part as it is a part of itself is capable of passing (in imagination, nevertheless), numberless billions of years by suggestion yet in no appreciable lapse. The world, or the universe, so fancied, did not begin because it neither has begun, nor will end; because nothing can end which has not begun. They are not and will not be, and there is no necessity for them, or either of them. The susceptibility of suggestions, a mere possible vacuum-like receiver, also a transmitter of impressions, influences, thoughts, suggestions and emotions, is not a created entity, but heretofore simply an indefinable quality (by any other susceptibility save myself) without beginning, never ending. It could not otherwise than be; because it is a mere quality, uncreatable, pure. One of its virtues is truth. It is everlasting and so are the other virtues, looking at them as divided, but there is no such thing as a division of the virtues. They are intelligences only, and no one would consider them entities or needing to have been created. They exist as qualities of intelligence merely, and are only thought of as different parts or suggestions of the great underlying principle. They exist as receivers and transmitters, merely coincident with their companion and other part, the Great Intelligence. They are simply associate efficacies of the Great Intelligence, one being a part of the other, all parts of the whole, and the whole as they are. Suggested from a standpoint of comparison, as rays emanating from the light, or as parts of a fancied sea nettle. The fancied rays are the light, so called, and the light the rays, inseparable, even as to your ideas of physical entities. I cannot reach you unless you open your souls (so to speak) to receive the logic, reason and truth, nor can I if you linger yet among your fancied supposed earthly objects, worshipping them as real although you daily see them passing away, and nothing remains even

according to your ideas of a tangible existence. Yet when you return to your parent whole, "ye shall know," in the fancied words of the suggested St. Paul, "even as also ye are known." Some may be sent into farther imaginings, and suppose themselves various things, as for instance: Negroes, Chinamen, Japanese, Filipinos, horses, mules, elephants or other animals, and they will serve as such fancied animals or beasts of burden, in their imaginations, sufficient time (apparent) for them to return to their parent, the Great Intelligence, provided they do their duties as such less favored ones, for favoritism is *reasonably* one of the qualities of the Great Intelligence. *I* am *favored*.

Yes, it is true, that all the fancied blighted ones *may* return to the Great Intelligence, as the giant suggestion of a world wave returns to its parent ocean, or a suggested wave of the mighty wind to the wonderful calm body of supposed air. In our imaginations a wave of either air or water would have sufficient power to destroy every supposed living human being, creeping things and flying fowl, and to reduce to practical nothingness the stupendous structures in our fancies existing, and yet we see with our supposed eyes that in no time at all, either imagined wave comes to nothing, and is a part, an indiscernable part, of the quiet sea or the motionless air, and thus it is with the supposed animate or inanimate things, they all go back to the source from which they came (in imagination, nevertheless, because there is no place to go, nor anything to go anywhere), still, for the sake of argument, we shall imagine them as going or coming, as the case may be. The fancied animals of the harder toil, are the same as the fancied animals of ease and pleasure. But for the sake of a lesson and comparison merely they seem to us not to have attained to the standard of excellenec in thought which is required for the return, and thus one of the higher order of susceptibilities, disappearing in such condition and being unqualified to return, and become a part of the clean, pure and true God, will be suggested to himself, and perhaps to other susceptibilities, as a low grade of man or other animals. It may be that the fancied bugs which infest our supposed dwellings (I will go

farther and say I am sure) are as much a part (limited by suggestions) of the great Intelligence as the very highest order of susceptibilties be, for had they life, so called, they must have gotten it from the one great source. There could be no division of life whether it were applied to man, beast, bird or insect, and if all used the same life all would necessarily be the same. They all, as a matter of suggestion, serve their fancied purpose; until they learn how to behave themselves, in the common exceptance of that term. Here it would be well to note that the suggestion appreciated as a bed bug has more wisdom and cunning than many supposed human beings. They seem to know when to come out, when to go back and just how long to stay, which is what very few supposed people know. There are many suggested animals which display even greater wisdom according to our fancied observation than the suggestion of mankind, as for instance; the beavers, which built the suggestion of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, together with many other fancied wonderful dams, and the honey bees which in our fancy make honey. Now, I maintain there is only one great Intelligence to draw from, and these lower appearing animals (if animals there were) would necessarily be compelled to get their supply of wisdom therefrom. They suggest a capability of doing that which the fancied cleverest human being is incapable of doing, and I ask you from what other source could they, were they real, receive their fancied life and instinct? Nowhere. The question is answered in the great mysteries of the passing fancies, and there is no susceptibility ever dropping into thoughtful mood who failed to realize that the whole fancied system is not capable of being explained upon an hypothesis of the existence of material or material things. It is answered in all the tendencies toward annihilation, but the complete answer will not come until all the supposed creations shall be in the thought of all susceptibilities reduced to nonentity. It is impossible, even under the existing supposition, to separate the fancied animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom one from the other, as regards the independent entities; even though entities there were, and thus it is even in the supposed physical sense necessary to the exist-

ence of one that the other should likewise exist, and without a constant supposed feeding of the animal upon the vegetable, the animal and mineral kingdoms, also the mineral upon itself, and if not upon itself, upon what? It is noticable in our fancies that the rocks and stones grow. If not detained in fancy here upon the supposed devouring, assimilating and annihilating neither would even in our most fanatical imagination exist, and all would disappear even from the vivid imaginings of the supposed entities, and even though mankind (supposed to exist) had in fancy the sufficiencies of minerals and vegetables and other supposed animals, he could not live a quarter of an hour, so called, without the suggestion of air, and since then the supposed physical man depends *absolutely* upon the supposed air for existence, he were a mere bubble at most. We shall have no difficulty in making you believe that a bubble is nothing, only a mere phantom floating in fancy in the supposed eternal entity, and ceases to be, even without the effort of any other supposed agency; yes, ceases to be even a phantom at the suggestion of the departure of the fancied air. Still it were possible for a mere bubble to entertain myriads of suggestions during its fancied brief stay as an apparent entity in the realm of the susceptibilties of suggestion. The order of suggestions, acceptable alike that all the susceptibilties (if other than my own there be, and I still maintain it possible that I am the only one and am writing, in fancy, nevertheless, to myself in the effort to convince myself, and no one can prove that it is not true or prove it is false) do not always maintain a likeness in their appearance, even though we were to accept the theory of material existence; because a certain supposed thing may appear one way to a certain susceptibiltiy, another way to another, and to some not appear at all. One may in fancy see beauty where another would behold a hideous picture. Likewise as to the sense of justice: one may be so lacking in the ability to reason that the grossest injustice would appear to him as fitting and proper, even to the extent of advancing a conclusion directly contrary to the former contentions or admissions. Shall we call him a fool? No. Shall we call him a vicious character? No. Shall we call him an ignoramous?

Not precisely that, only as ignorance applies to susceptibilties in general; because of the varied character of suggestion. Yet, I, still being under the great law of fancy and supposed necessity, tarried (in fancy, nevertheless) awhile under the hallucination that even I myself am in need of the fancied material, although I know I am not. I say, am in need in fancy of the material because I am speaking in and of the present tense, their being no past nor any future; all time is now. The suggestion that I am in apparent need of the fancied material is a strange and apparently contradictory suggestion of thought. I am, nevertheless, content, and find absolute consolation in the assurance that I am not an entity, and therefore worship not any fancied material thing, nor do I worry about the supposed loss or gain of any material thing, so suggested; nor do I entertain any fear whatever in regard to the suggestion of a supposed death; because I know there is no death. To throw off all the popular impressions of the existence of something to worry about, to have or to lose, is not what could be in the ordinary way of thinking an easy task. Strange it is, however, that knowing we know not, and "seeing," as the suggestion of a Christ said, "we do not perceive." The reason why we do not perceive is simply because we *will* not. It was with a great degree of thought and some severe pondering (and I might add, much sacrifice) that I was induced to allow the truth regarding the true situation to be and become uppermost in my own susceptibility. We therefore indulge in these suppositions; because of popular ideas, supporting them until a realization of the nonentities comes, as when we as imaginations pass out of the realm even of susceptibilties, and are even to ourselves no more. Here I may admit that a co-operation, or at least a willingness to receive the light is necessary to a complete understanding of this doctrine. No one can explain a situation as well as the situation and attendant facts can explain themselves.

All this should be a source of consolation, but sadly it is not, and will not be to all, especially the mindless, reasonless, and those who have not been trained in the exercise of thought. Some hanker after the supposed things, actually

worshipping them, although they may know, or should know with the exercise of reasonable logic, that nothing is and certainly that even though there were somthing, nothing of a lasting quality was ever even suggested. There are some who have suggestions that they are rich and powerful, and because thereof they are better than others—too good indeed to associate with them. Yet their glories fade before their fancied visions in the suggestion of the twinkling of an eye, as the suggestion of a withering flower, beautiful today, nothing today, even as a suggestion, and in spite of all do they cling to the futile hope of perpetuating something, loved and cherished as a continual blessing, serving as a satiation to their greed, or boasting of their pomp and vain glory, while they know they cannot even perpetuate themselves. Being then unable even in fancy to perpetuate themselves, how can they hope to maintain the supposed entities when they themselves must disappear from themselves, and hence disappear from the supposed entities which they vainly endeavor to perpetuate. The haughty spirit eventually giving way to a fancied home in the grave; a most ridiculous idea, approaches with a sense of horror that which he should know is impossible as a reality, presents a question of why and wherefore one should be placed beneath the fancied *sod* that which so beautifully, in fancy, adorns the supposed surface of the earth. In the same suggested earth where lies, in fancy, the tattered and torn beggar, the loafer and the vagabond, lies, in fancy, the great and mighty King. Could it be possible that they were real, all that is potent or suggestive of life, beauty, arrogance or strength subsides, departs, and the suggestions of boys play foot ball with their skulls, a suggestion too hideous for preservation by the most despised in their supposed time. The suggestion of the most common individual would in fancy stand aghast at the decomposing supposed body of a fancied King, considering it unfit to occupy the supposed dwelling in which he is suggested to be living, while in fancy, nevertheless, the suggestion of one day previous that same common fancied individual had as such bowed in humility before his sublime majesty which in the fancied following day is unfit to be food for the suggestion

of dogs. Clothe them again in their imagination, and once more they woud assume the frown, nay even to look down in derision upon suggestion of the less fortunate. Could it be possible that we were real, no one would attempt to deny that it were for a brief period only, and under the principle that nothing can be destroyed, all would of necessity have to exist forever, but we try to get around the stubborn fact that all supposed things pass away and become nothing, by claiming for the supposed man a separate soul—a most ridiculous theory; for if the soul is not the man then what is the soul? The suggested body we have to admit, at least, passes on and beyond the suggestion of an entity, and if the soul remain it must remain as a nonentity. Being a nonentity after the supposed death, it must necessarily have been an nonentity during the fancied life. Assuming, notwithstanding all this, that there were tangible entities such as mankind, God forbid that any should attempt to fling the fancied dart of envy, hatred, malice, prejudice, sarcasm or scorn at his fancied fellow being, for thereby he would necessarily throw the same at his God and himself; because all are one and the same, depending, however, upon this quality of thought as to position in connection with, and a part of, the great Intelligence which we advocate, and such conduct would be, to say the least, irreligious. Religion, however, is merely a belief and cannot make or change the everlasting truth, neither can all our doubts, nor all our faith in any way change that which is.

I would that I could believe conscientiously in the concrete in order that I might fully express my opinion of those suggestions who array themselves against the seemingly inferior objects, while they themselves are only phantoms, let out in fancy for a fancied season, as a mere matter of experiment, to ascertain if it would be possible for a human being, if human being there were, to be *humane*. Provided such being should ever be created.

THERE IS ONLY ONE MYSTERY—THE LAW.

The only mystery then is in the law governing thought, and giving it the creative quality. It may be, I have

thought an apparently long time, that some solution thereof may yet be suggested to this susceptibility, but up to this suggestion of time the peculiarity of that law was and remained a mystery. Under the law the susceptibility may expand or contract, and may assert itself, and deny. Nay, it may thereunder admit of myriads of compositions, and assume unlimted attitudes. The facts, however, being the absence of material, in the abstract, and necessarily so. Two and two would be four, whether there were four objects present or not. That is the fact merely, and if I believed there were four objects present to represent the four, they would be to me present, whether they were present or not. A fact is a vacant opinion, and not confined to any limiting power or influence. Two and two would be four without the existence even of a mind, so that we might imagine a time when two things and two things would come into existence. They would then be four; because four came. They would not be five, nor would they be only three. The slightest variation from the fact suggests a contradiction, as when one advances the theory that something tangible always was, and is then compelled to admit that nothing cannot make something Truly so far as our observations go, or have gone, everything which in fancy appears upon the scene must be the result of a cause. As the fancied moving pictures present a real appearance, though we know they are but pictures, so are we but pictures, some of us remaining upon the canvas of suggestion a little longer, apparently than others, and what suggestions come to other susceptibilties we cannot conclude. One might say these things are real; because every one sees the same things. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We do not all the same things in fancy observe. Where one sees beauty another would see hideousness. Two may in fancy be sitting in the same supposed room, or chair, and each forgetting the other, would find himself or herself in the company of others, admitted not to be present, the mind, so called, absorbed in a supposed object brings the fancied object from afar, as it were, while the supposed present object would be entirely lost sight of. As when the suggestion of a girl is in love

THE BOOK OF INCONTROVERTIBLE TRUTHS

OF

ETERNITY, GOD, MAN AND SOUL EXPLAINED IDEALLY.

The Doctrine of "Cause and Effect" eliminated. Science, Philosophy and Religion Reconciled, Showing that

INSPIRATION, CHRISTIANITY AND FAITH ARE BASED ON TRUTH.

TO THE PUBLIC:

FOR THE PAST HUNDREDS OF YEARS, Science and Religion have waged a bitter warfare; the former with its array of facts and theories, and the latter with its Bible, Traditions and Intuition, which without reason, linked us to the infinite. Science reasoning from Effect to Cause, stopped at a "First Cause," and named it Ether. Religion called the "First Cause" God. Here they halt, unable to reason farther, so this "First Cause" may be considered the hitherto advanced line of modern thought. Beyond this frontier lay the realm of the great Unknown. Scientists, in quest for truth, have trod the well-worn path of "Cause and Effect" only to lose themselves in its laborynth of inconsistencies and false conclusions. Thousands of ministers of the gospel have followed the equally worn path of Matter and the seeming physical, in the effort to prove to their hearers the existence of a Supreme Being, and the strangest thing about it all is, that neither the scientist nor the preacher ever discovered that both travelled the same road that

led to *Nowhere*. So, it will be gratifying to all who believe in God and their fellow men, to all who ponder ever the question of Life, Death and the Hereafter, who believe in something, and know not why, to know that one lone man, traveling a New Route, has crossed the "Border Land" of Modern Thought, scaled the Peaks that other explorers saw but dimly in the distance, and planted his standard on Higher Ground. "He saw millions of earnest men and women groping in the darkness of fear and doubt, searching for the Light that never fails, and countless thousands of others striving, struggling to enslave their weaker brothers that they might thereby gain pomp and power. He saw a world of eternal change, where nothing remained stable, even *life*, and he sought reason and truth, and he found them. The book:

LAS VERDADES

is the result.

There have been many books published in the last decade, on Psychology, Metaphysics, New Thought, Christian Science and kindred subjects. All treat of man, his creation and his destiny, yet, not one tells what man is, or his relation to his aforesaid Creator (?). Not one explains Eternity, the No Beginning, and how the same could be possible.

LAS VERDADES INCONTROVERTIBLE (The INCONTROVERTIBLE TRUTHS) answers these questions, and *more*, the Author proves them. He sweeps the entire Universe (?) into oblivion, and with it, also time, space and material. "Cause and Effect," the "Hobby-horse" of men of science and philosophy, is entirely eliminated. This brings us to the no beginning, to nothing, and starting at nothing, he leads us to all that is (as all appears). His Illustrations based upon reason, logic, science and philosophy, faithfully follow, in fact, run paralel with our experiences called life, agreeing at all points.

The book recenciles Science, Philosophy and

Religion, and shows Inspiration, Christianity and Faith to be based upon truth. The first principle the author gives as your guide, is the same as the numbers beginning Mathematics, the scale beginning music, and syllogisms in the study of logic. You can not be mistaken so long as you keep in line with simple truth.

This book is the first to explain how the Great Intelligence has power (No, unlimited Efficacy) and unlimited means, unrestricted by any set rule except the law upon which it depends for its virtue, and did not have to acquire it through or from some other source. The author says in his introduction: "In appropriating the *Nom de Plume*, The Prince of Thought, I do not assume an egotistical attitude, but rather a defiant one, and I invite any one in the fancied world, or any other fancied place, to enter upon an argument in contradiction of any of the principles I promulgate." He builds his altar on the Rock of Intelligence.

"THAT INTELLIGENCE COULD NOT BE ANTEDATED. Hence was FIRST, Forms the impregnable breastwork from which the author fires, hitting the mark at every volley, and defying any argument to in any way make the slightest impression upon his *line*. His position being absolutely safe, he has only to keep in line with truth in order to explain all. When however, he became entangled with the peculiarity of the law which causes certain seemingly impossible facts to exist, he was compelled to fall upon his knees and like the ancient prophet, or like Christ in the Garden of Gethsemanae, pray to the Great Intelligence for inspiration. It was good that such became and was necessary; because it established the fact that God does inspire those who honestly and earnestly ask it. Intelligence being always, always being now, intelligence is therefore necessarily all there is, and every imagined thing there appears to be, in its varied suggesting qualities, *under the law*. The great truths it unfolds, relieves the mind of the conflict of opinions, doubts, fears and uncertainties, and *particularly* the

MISTAKE OF WAITING TO DIE AND GO TO HEAVEN, WHILE THIS IS HEAVEN, HELL AND ALL THE REST THERE IS, OR COULD POSSIBLY BE. Depending only upon our mere *desires* and *attention to duty*. He shows that God Almighty could not send us to (or rather, cause us to be in) heaven or hell unless we, ourselves, desired to go. Consolation being heaven, is free to all who strive for it."

The author says he wrote the work for the consolation of the human race, so we send the book on its mission. You who read it may throw it aside before you have finished it, but not for long. It is bound to set you thinking, and you will return to it, and read it again and again, and in time, you will see that Sympathy is of all the greatest, and that duty is the gate to happiness, nay, more, to heaven itself. Further, you will be surprised to find all that Sympathy is.

It has been predicted that in a few years hence, the belief in a material world will be a thing of the past, and that Spirit or mind will reign supreme. However this may be, it is a fact, that never since the time of Christ, has such a world-wide interest been taken in this subject, which means so much to mankind, and if the book: LAS VERDADES will in any measure help to clear away the uncertainty and doubt which have enveloped the human race for ages, as it undoubtedly will, when understood, it shall not have been written in vain.

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with *George*, who is fancied to be many thousands of miles away, and in company with William, for whom she cares not, will even go so far as to call *William, George,* and be convinced that he is present, until a suggestion creates William anew. But there is no absence except in thought, neither can there, except in thought, be any present.

> "I am trying so hard to forget you,
> I try, but it seems all in vain;
> *Your dear face is ever before me;*
> It fills me with longing and pain,
>
> And *though far away*, still I love you;
> I'm trying so hard to forget."

Nor does it even be suggested to these susceptibilties that all find the same thing at the same place; for "Where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison." If there were really a place, and they were both sucking at the same place, they would be compelled to suck the same quality of thing, and let us go a little deeper, and ask the question: Why should there be any poison where the honey is sucked, and by what means could the bee separate or the spider separate each its individual part, completely ignoring the other? No, this is only one of the many apparently strange suggestions, and the only way to explain the situation is to dispose of both the bee and the spider, as material objects. Then it is easily done. As I said *supra,* there is no mystery, except in the peculiarity of the law which permits thought to create. What is this law? In the fancied succeeding words there may be fully explained how this law could be so peculiar. Not how it could be; because there must necessarily be a non-created quality, supreme in its own virtues, omnipotent in its own omnipotency, not created,not capable of creation; because there is nothing capable of creating it, though there were something. Even the great Intelligence strictly conforms to this law; it could not do otherwise, as it is the law. Having then established the supremity of the law, we can readily see how it can sway the susceptibility in any number or manner of suggestions, really controlling the possibility to be an eternity. The law,

then, must necessarily be a quality merely as nothing save a mere quality could be eternal.

Love, goodness and hope could be a possibility without the existence of any material, and in the absence of any object to be loved, or even anything to be hoped for, or anyone to be cognizant of the permanence of the quality. These ideas once instilled in the susceptibilties generally, the suggestions of crime for greed, murder or malice will disappear, likewise the fawning and cringing, accompanied by the vilest suggestion of deceit, will disappear from the fancies of all. There being nothing, then nothing to steal; nobody, then no one to kill, no one to hate, no one to impose upon, and nothing of any kind to worry about. So it would be better to believe such to be true whether it were the fact or not. We would then be supremely happy and perfectly satisfied. All the great problems presenting themselves, as it were, for solution, to-wit: The money question, tariff, trust, monopoly, race, life, death, and all other questions involving controversies, disputes or misunderstandings, together with imagined scrambling for offices, honors and positions of any kind, in fancy, apparent, and desired, would give way, in thought (they existing only in thought, I assure you) to the realization of perfect peace, and all the susceptibilties, instead of, in fancy, going to war with each other, hating, maligning, cheating, defrauding, and unjustly treating each other, as it would appear to one who had not read this suggestion of a book, also hanging and imprisoning each other, as it is in fancy daily done, would with one accord come together, as one, which all really are, in God and spirit, and utilize their supposed time in the matter of preparing to return from this condition of fancies and dreams to the Great Intelligence of which they are mere reflections, allowed to wander the while in the fancied realm of imaginations for reasons found only, explained only in my explanations of the mystery of the great and apparently undefinable law, the everlasting quality, unlimited in its power to grant or restrict privileges, or to restrict the invasion of suggestions. To this law, the Great Intelligence itself, seems to be even bound and confined.

Brother, sister, friend, by whatever significance you may in fancy be known, open your sense of reasoning for the suggestion of the eternal truth, which is, that all thought to be real is only ideal. Nothing is or could be real; because the spirit is all there can be, and man, so-called, in the most liberal view he may be characterized, is a mere bubble on the fancied waves of suggested air, clinging to a hope that he is a material thing, and finding that all he thinks he is or was, or expects to be, ceases at the suggesion of death. Oh, what a beautiful suggestion and what truth it teaches! the beginning of true, the end of all the misguiding suggestions, the eternal rest from all the false hallucinations, deceiving suggestions, coming, apparently, thick and fast, from the supposed day of birth, until the fancied day of death. I am sincerely thankful that my own intelligence (a part, nevertheless, of the Great) is completely unfettered from the superstitions, false ideas, and misleading convictions under which, not all, but those not of our wisdom (for many believe as I do, though they have not given thought to explanation, or declaration) labor in suffering uncertainties, slavery, and fruitless hope, notwithstanding they could realize their nothingness from the irregularities of the suggestions themselves had they sense enough to observe. I don't exactly mean to declare them fools, but the next situation to it—crazy and misguided, nay, willingly so.

INSPIRATION NECESSARY TO EXPLAIN THE REASON WHY.

Now, after all this fancied discussion, it is incumbent upon me to tell you why the suggestions are misleading, and if you will follow me along thoughtfully, I shall endeavor to give the most plausible reasons suggested to me, for I would be careful to impress upon you the fact that I am *inspired.* No susceptibility could have given the proofs already set forth without the aid of the Great Intelligence. Therefore, I do not claim all the glory to myself, but bow in humble gratitude and praise to the Great Intelligence which has given me the superiority of thought over all other susceptibilities, so that I can defy contradiction by the suggestions of Christian, Infidel, Agnostic, Free Thinker, Philosopher, Astron-

omer, Scientist, or other fancied individual whatever may be his belief, to give any other explanation of how there could be a "No Beginning" or a "No Ending" than that which I have given, or to contradict me as to any declaration.

I am looking for, seeking after a reason why an endowment of such qualities could or should be, stoutly maintaining that there is not, nor ever was a creation of anything either in the supposed heaven above, earth beneath, or waters under the earth, and denying, with equal emphasis and positiveness, that from a *material* standpoint, there is either of them in existence, or even necessary to be in existence.

The first suggestion of this aforesaid misleading character which calls forth my serious thought for solution is why it should appear that some have, from fancied birth to fancied death, more than they can possibly utilize, while others appear to have nothing, comparatively, and are left to struggle, in fancy, nevertheless, throughout their fancied "Three score years and ten." Yet we, in fancy, see towering domes and steeples kissing the fancied clouds in honor and adoration of a "Just God." This contradiction alone is sufficient to make of any intelligent, thinking materialist a rank infidel, and that is why we have the suggestions of an Ingersoll, a Thomas Paine and a Voltaire. I come forward in defense of the justness of the Intelligence, and say the supposed rich don't have anything; because there is nothing to have, as material, and I not only say it, but I prove it. The fancied poor will content themselves with the falsehoods suggested to them by the fancied "Preachers of the Gospel," who encourage the suffering hallucinations for the purpose of extracting, in their fiendish thought and avarice, the fancied gold and silver per chance coming into the possession, in fancy, of the suggested poor, in order to keep them in ignorance, and their fancied children, that an eternal system of fancied "Church Slavery" may indefinitely exist. Show me a fancied church that the fancied little match cannot originate the apparent destruction of, and following its suggested mighty power to consume, in fancy, proceeds to wipe out the entire supposed city and the inhabitants thereof. Yet, who could be so unthoughtful, or

unreasoning as to believe that it is the supposed match that causes the suggestion of a church or a city, or the fancied inhabitants thereof to pass from the suggestion of a stupendous structure to that of a nonentity, together with the fancied town and people? It is but the changes in the panoramic scene, and not a real occurrence, and we may well notice that the fancied little match, the credited agent of the apparent conflagration, is itself suggested as destroyed as the conflagration begins, showing conclusively that nothing is left there to do the work of apparent destruction. Then, when we look, in fancy, upon the destroyed matter(?) nothing remains, not even the apparent destroyer. Whichever way we may twist or turn in our imaginations, we can't get away from that inevitable *Nothing,* the beginning, the end, the all of every supposed thing. Even the fancied universe and all the supposed things which, in fancy, inhabit it, we have to admit sprang from the thought of the Great Intelligence, or from nothing, as there is nothing else. If we are to maintain that the Great Intelligence is a thing with unlimited power, it must necessarily have received its greatness and power from some other source of greatness and power. But the *reason?*

I would not attempt to lead you away from the reason why all these apparently substantial (for a time, however) objects should suggest themselves or, more properly, be suggestive to some susceptibilities. They were not, however, believed to be real by the susceptibility, known as Jesus Christ; for He simply laughed at them. He spurned the supposed law of graviation, by saying, "Faith will transplant the sycamore," after plucking it up unaided by any other supposed agency; because He knew there was, in reality, no real sycamore there to be moved, but made it plain that by simple faith the supposed object being plucked up, and cast into the depths of the fancied sea, would in fancy create such a scene. He ridiculed the existence of matter, and frowned upon its supposed value, by refusing to become the owner of the world, so-called. He set at naught the idea that sickness is a reality, and wherever He saw a susceptibility laboring under the belief that it was ill, He immediately caused the suggestion

to cease. He clearly proved that there is no death, by bringing (in fancy, nevertheless) to apparent life all susceptibilities He saw suggested as dead, and finally allowed Himself to be suggested as dead for an apparent time, and then alive as ever. The one positive assertion: "Flesh and blood cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," which He is suggested as having made, should be sufficient to cause the fancied preachers to cease lying to their supposed hearers; for if He were not flesh and blood, appearing as we do to be of such materials, then we are not. He went farther, showing the non-existence of material food and drink, by feeding a fancied multitude on "five loaves (?) and two fishes," (?), and then having gathered up "twelve baskets (?) of fragments," (?) more than there appeared to be at the supposed commencement of the feast, so thought, and even suggested the appearance of eleven baskets more upon the scene than there were even thought to be present, but the most important fact is that all are filled, all the supposed human, hungry bodies, and filled on imaginary food. Now, why are we not thus filled, in our imaginations? Truly, we are. If you cannot see how, I can, and do. But that is not all: While I am still taking your own doctrine to prove mine, I would call your attention to the fact that a certain supposed liquid which all the fancied people considered water, He simply caused them to be convinced that it was wine, and when they believed it was wine, it was. He could just as well have made them believe it was clay or any other supposed substance, just as you are now made to believe that which is not in reality so, while the fact remains that there is nothing, no time, no place, the Intelligence being unlimited in the matter of its power to suggest, and to have believed by the susceptibility; until there appears a Christ or other superiorly endowed susceptibility knowing better. I do not mean that we, Jesus Christ and I, know better than the Great Intelligence, but know better than to believe that which we know is not true. Here it would be well to suggest, that it is immaterial whether or not matter exists, so long as we fully appreciate the character of the suggestions which afford satiating effects. Still it is better to relieve the susceptibilities of the

fear, dread, sadness, uncertainty, discord, disagreements and wars of word, so to speak, and other suggested kinds of wars, in order that all may accept the true situation, that this is an ideal world, of thought, permitting of the enjoyment thereof by all upon equal ideas, when once the susceptibilities are freed from false superstitions, and come out to see and enjoy the everlasting bliss of being a part of the eternal God, and by no means, and in no way from it separated, in the technical sense.

In the suggestion of by-gone years, I vainly tried to reconcile the suggested apparent phenomena with the existence of matter; because there seemed to be in existence, near and dear to me, things which were real, and I loved them, things apparently animate and inanimate. Dear to me was the mocking bird, which in fancy sang me to sleep in the suggestion of summer nights, likewise the fields and meadows in which I in fancy strolled, plucking flowers here and there, the rivers and rivulets, the woods and hills where my imagination found its severest tests, and books I read, in fancy, too; as I have always been the suggestion of a student, never taking time to attend a fancied picnic or circus. My suggested life has been devoted to preparing myself for usefulness, and to be able to fulfill the highest mission in the realm of this idealistic condition, and I never allowed the suggestion of anything to pass my notice without studying its cause, and all there was to be studied about it. Never came along the suggestion of a man who had something to say, whether I agreed with him or not, whom I failed to give the strictest attention. I have noted carefully the fancied writings of the suggestions of the most learned men, whether of the Christian, Jewish, heathen or infidel belief, and weighed carefully all they have seemed to say, but in spite of all, my reason failed to find a solution of the great problem even of life, so-called, so long as I clung to the existence of matter, and it could but ever fail to divine a cause for the apparent irregularities, when I know without being told that the Great Intelligence is just to one and all its susceptibilties. Through every fancied vein and artery of my suggested entity flows, in thought, nevertheless, a pleasure

bearing influence since I have learned to believe I am a part of the *All,* the everlasting Intelligence. It would not necessarily have to be brought clearly to my mind how and wherefore I am a susceptibility. The waves of the fancied oceans of water do not know when they will be sent forth in the suggestions of material entities, causing us to stand in awe, wonder and surprise that they are apparently real, appearing as separate things. Drawn, in fancy, back into the suggested great bodies, they appear to remain integral parts thereof, nor would they leave their peaceful rest for tumult and toil, devastation and death, as it doth appear upon "the first blush" to our susceptibilities. When, however, we think, and deeply, our perceptions encounter what is called a mystery, but there is no mystery, excepting in the law. What is this law? That is the question and the only question. Beginning to surmise, the first conclusion we reach is that the only wherefore is the reason, and when we fail to solve the great problem, we must pray and look about for divine guidance. I say divine, for the Great Intelligence is Divine. It is not in any way effected by prayer. In other words, prayer does not influence the great Intelligence one way or the other, but it gives us *"A better connection"* on the Eternal Wire of thought, and entering upon a communication with the Great Intelligence, together with other sympathetic parts of the same, which teach, inspire and impress with love, kindness, pleasure and devotion. The sweet suggestions, hope being one, but the sweetest of all being love.

I AM INSPIRED.

At this apparent point, when I must solve, if possible, the mystery (?) of the *Law,* I, in fancy, upon bended knees, pray earnestly to the Great Intelligence, and receive the solution *Complete.*

Noticing carefully in our own experience, as we think we are, one depressed in spirit, or suffering in fancied consequence of a wrong done him, and then let several supposed human beings come forth, as it were, and express sympathy for him he will then feel better, encouraged, and although an

apparent tear courses down his cheek, it is to him a supremely happy moment; because he is on the sympathetic line. Pray earnestly, praying as though it were your last prayer you would have the opportunity to send to the great Intelligence, and you will receive a response, as if someone were speaking to you, and a thrill of joy will run through your inmost fancied being. It is all because you are on the wire, so to speak, the sweet means of communication with the Whole, membered, yet apparently dismembered Intelligence. Through the sympathy expressed by sympathizing susceptibilities, a juncture is formed, as it were, and the sympathies are united as one. One will feel better, although no one has even in fancy touched or in any way administered to the relief of the fancied suffering one. The erstwhile outcast spirit will assume the role of a hero, nay, of a martyr, and though he apparently immediately enter the silent suggested death, he is happy; because the fancied heart, the soul, has been connected by sympathy with the others, who are necessarily good, as none but the good sympathize. Those who assume to exact "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," are the only definitions of the devil known to my vocabulary, and those who simply because they imagine themselves as having power to maltreat, and do, in their thought, maltreat, will undergo the suggestion of hell, a condition worse than any suggested Hebrew Bible can picture it or describe. The sympathizers have entered into his grief, in fancy, and borne away his burden, the Great Intelligence has thereby come to the supposed man. The fancied man has returned to God. "Where there are two or three assembled together in my name, there will I be in the midst," is an accepted doctrine of the fancied Christian susceptibilities. If sympathy does not create, as it were, the God, tell me what does? Truly, sympathy does create the God, and God is sympathy.*

* I have often been asked: "Are you a Hypnotist?" I have simply *smiled;* because I knew and know that there is no such person. You, Yourself, create (?), I mean; make possible a hypnotist, so called, when you give him or her your *sympathy,* your faith accompanying, which is the actual *"giving up"* of your God, or such degree of the God as you have in your susceptibility. Then, he or she having

practically absorbed, as it were, your susceptibility of suggestions (controlling it, at least) can cause you to realize such pictures or conditions as he or she may *will*. There you are, as it were, to be filled with any sort of suggestions, including *death*. Your independence, your resisting efficacy gone, you are unable to discriminate, so to speak, and being a susceptibility *merely*, you have given your self-made (at least, self-assisted) temporary, as it were, God and Master the efficacy to cause any suggestions appear real, or *right*, as easily as can and does the Great Intelligence, our Supreme Lord and Eternal Master, cause us to *"see things"* as *It wills*. Once a subject, always a subject; unless at some unguarded occasion, so to speak, the hypnotist, resting secure (?) in his possession of your efficacy, relaxes his or her hold thereon, as it were, or, more generally, has no further use for you, and *"lets you go."* Then you become very angry, and desire to "get even," as it were. You have again been restored to your powers (?) as it were. Very soon (apparently) you are "Caught again" by the same or another; unless you are strictly careful and *attentive*. The fight is always hard, and this is what they have misnamed: *Temptations. God, help us!*

Por Exemplo (For Example) or as Illustrations: Supposing you and another have each a fancied dollar, and while each had a dollar you would have equal financial (?) strength, so to speak. Now, you give the other your dollar, and he has two, while you have *nothing*. *Notice!* Now, you have nothing and become a dependant. The other can now enslave (or make a servant of) you, or you cannot exist. (?) You must obey—He has two weapons, and you have none to oppose his power over you. Thus it is when you *"give up" your* power of resistence, your Sympathy, to another; he or she has not only his or her power, so to speak, but added to it, *your own* with which to subdue you, now absolutely defenseless. You have assisted in creating (?) him or her your *God;* for Sympathy is the only God there is, any degree of it, however small, so to speak, is a *God-like Efficacy*, and is *irresistible*. Do you understand? Well, you had better, especially the suggested *youths*. Yet, this is Idealistic.

And now comes, in fancy, nevertheless, a common peddler to your door, and he wants to sell you a broom, duster, or other fancied thing. You desire nothing he has, and if you told him to leave (or rather, turned the suggestion of a Bulldog loose, saying "Sick him, pup!") he would gain no influence, but in kindness and sympathy, you permit him to come in, and to tell a "tale of woe," as it were (Watch! he is now becoming a hypnotist! as to *you*) nay, more, your God, and very soon, so to speak, before you realize what you have done, a broom or other fancied article has been purchased. When he has departed (?) you say: "How, in the name of God, did that ignorant fool of a peddler get the best of me? I didn't even want or need a broom!

Isn't that strange?" Now, that is just how the peddler did it: "In Name of God," in and through the *irresistible sympathy,* which is God. Thus are all impositions accomplished, from the *destruction of virtue, down.* It is that sympathy indulged one for the other which confers the mastery, and hence the power, so to speak. Also, with meeting strange men (?) and women (?) by suggestion, of course, in friendship, love, business affairs, *et cetra, et cetra.* Further, all other dreams we have in relations or associations; *You* give the sympathy you have, and thereby cause the temporary (?) idealistic God over you. This, however, is only a dream, explanatory of how God rules, and yet it causes experiences of apparent losses, sufferings and unhappiness in some, and the opposite in other realizations. Be ever careful, and remember this: Prayer, earnest prayer, will always "get you back" *on the Line;* for thereby you join with the Great Sympathy, your Protector, overcoming the susceptibility, or susceptibilities who would continue your slavery, misery, or other apparent ills. Prayer will subdue the hypnotist, your self-constituted God, or other apparently evil influence. Hence the suggestion of a Saint Paul, saying: "Pray without ceasing that ye enter not into temptations." All this is Idealistic, partaking of (entering into) your heaven or your hell, as the experience may appear. These and all other *accidents* are caused by *inattention, inattention to duty.* Therefore, blame God never, but blame yourselves always, even though you experience the *hell.* Do you understand that? It is *Truth.*

Back on the Line, and "Having a good connection," like the suggestion of Telephoning, you are in direct communication with the Great Intelligence, again your own little God, so to speak, in which position you can defy the hypnotist or other susceptibility which would cause you to experience other than Heavenly dreams; for rest assured that all are only dreaming, and dreaming ever, whatever the experience, yet, dreams distress and disturb oftimes, you know. A happy dream is heaven, an unhappy dream savors of hell.

The power (?) used by the hypnotist (your sympathy and his or her's) must necessarily be God's power (?) or it could not be, God being all that may be realized. This may appear *deep,* and it is, but listen to the words of Our Lord: "Woman, *thy* faith hath made thee *whole.*" Why, it was (I mean is, there being no time) necessary even to have faith in Him before He could "help out," as it were, proving that the woman had as much power (?) of God to resist as the Christ had to heal. Thus it ever is: when one has absolute faith in another, giving the other sympathy, he or she can cause the giver to do, think, believe, worship and love at will, there then being practically only one will, the same as we are the *One Will* of God, The Great Intelligence. Therefore we see, etc., just what It wills that we should, leaving us only the right of choice as to our love, our tastes and our desires

while the hallucination ever remains. Yet, amid all, we can have pleasures and Consolation complete if we remain On The *Line.*

The law, then, is sympathy. It can be nothing else, and as we go along through the fancied existence, we find that it is the suggestion of sympathetic contacts which create, in our imagination, even the fancied offsprings of the supposed human beings, it is sympathy that apparently keeps them alive, for neglected they die, in our imaginations, before they gain, in our fancy, consicousness. Notice the suggestion of a little child, or even an adult, crying as though its heart (so imagined) would break, and then imagine yourself, or some other susceptibility, as sympathizing with it, and the suggestion of crying will cease. I cannot make your sorrows mine without also making my joys yours. The burden of the fancied soul is lifted by the infusion of true sympathy, it is soothing and sweet. Then why not sympathize with all susceptibilities, encourage them, and joining in a blessed union, as is our destined avocation, wherefore we are let out from the sacred Whole for an apparent season for the purpose of experiment; for the Great Intelligence will, in its mighty power, allow those to remain as apparent individuals only, who through such experiment live up to the standard desired, or recall, or blot out those who fail to do the righteous deeds, in thought, becoming in them, according to the sublime position they occupy—a part of the everlasting sympathy, the power giving quality of the Great Intelligence.

The law of sympathy, or the quality, I would say, the one mind, the one soul, is the awakening of happiness, so when we all become one in God, one with another, a part of God in true sympathy,—God, we shall all be everlastingly happy, as the quality of sympathy is not only necessary to the existence even of the Great Intelligence, but indispensable to any degree of happiness. A demonstration of this sympathy is love. God is love, since God, the Great Intelligence is love (and even God could not be without sympathy). He, or it, as we may prefer, to gramaticise, is not a tangible entity, and all admit, as all can bear witness, that it is only for love that we imagine ourselves as striving for anything. In striving

for love we are striving for the All-wise Intelligence, and when we reach a perfect state of love, we have reached God; we are God.

Go, in your imagination, to any fancied being (and I do not confine myself to fancied human beings merely), embraced in the fancied arms of the object of his or her true and unqualified devotion, and ask him or her to leave, offering heavens and worlds greater and brighter than any yet pictured to the susceptibility, in thought, fancied written or spoken words, and the offer will be spurned. There will be an unwillingness to exchange for all the fancied heavens and world combined; because the suggestive object is a ray of light, as it were, united in perfect sympathy with the accompanying picture, bound by sympathy, love and beauty in every necessary suggestion. Nay, this is the only reality. This is your heaven; it is mine; for pure and perfect love, when reached, are a return to the Great Intelligence, a disregard for the fancied earthly treasures, or things.

Now, how did sympathy, the law governing the fancied production of all fancied things, and the possibility for the virtues of the Intelligence acquire its power? It did not need to acquire it; for the very quality of sympathy itself means power. It is that which brings to the susceptibilities, even looking at it from a material standpoint, the suggestion of all fancied happenings, and being of itself an all-powerful quality (power being considered in the light of *possibility* merely) could not receive any more than it has always had, and as it is the eternal foundation, existing always as a quality, it could not be antedated, cannot be superseded, and yet it is not an entity, and is explainable only upon the principle of the vacuum; for I have explained to you how a quality could be without any object upon which to apply it. It is an everlasting fact sustained in its own ageless, timeless, limitless virtue, so that if it were not, our imaginations could not be, suggesting to us the possibility of the vacation of our intelligence, derivable therefrom, there being no other source.

VIOLATION OF THE LAW MAY CHANGE THE ORDER OF SUGGES-

A change of the character of suggestions may be caused by violating the law even to the extent of creating, in fancy, nevertheless, a heaven or a hell. Obedience may create a fancied heaven while disobedience would create a fancied hell, and there can be no escape from the imagined effects of the suggested scenes, whatever they may be. Upon no other hypothesis to which I can consencioucly give the slightest degree of recognition can the theory of the anticipated hell or heaven be explained. The susceptibility has not an independent creative power (I mean to create imaginary things), because it is but an imaginary and strictly temporary creation of itself without the slightest power to perpetuate itself the suggestion of a second without interference of the great Intelligence. Therefore, it is the province of the great Intelligence to have the susceptibility indulge at pleasure, and for this reason it is best for us to obey the great Intelligence, and follow in our imaginations, the law.

In endeavoring to find an hypothesis upon which might be explained the existence of a tangible entity and suggest to attentive logic the possibility of an eternal creator (who or which) happened by mere chance, contrary to the fundamental principles governing things apparently creative, I find absolutely no outlet or any reason whatever to assign in support to such a preposterous idea. An uncreated creator existing eternally in an idealistic sense merely is very plausible and has been fully explained by me to my entire satisfaction at least even when I criticised my own ideas adversely as it were like one on the opposite side of a debate. The everlasting Quality, God, cannot violate the law, because the law is one of its attributes and it could not be itself *minus* the law or any other of its many attributes, and were it possible for the law or any attending attribute to become a non-existing *fact* a senseless blank would be the result and there would be no intelligence at all. There would be nothing then as there is nothing now, except as herein explained. This does not appear to me in any measure mysterious because I say now,

repeating that there is no mystery except in the misconceptions of the susceptibilties.

DESIGN WOULD BE A NECESSITY FOR ANY TANGIBLE OR EVEN POWERFUL ENTITY.

What I mean by a powerful entity is one which would exercise the suggestion of force, but I deny the existence even of force, also maintaining that there is no necessity for the existence of force as a potent entity. Yet, as a virtue merely, there is such a condition as force, the attribute *love* being perhaps the greatest, not, however, acting independently of the other attributes or virtues especially *sympathy*. The theory of a mere susceptibility supplants the necessity of a creation as the same is a mere receiving and transmitting quality, and has no defined boundaries, nor is it limited by any description or name, and may exist even in a vacuum, and is a susceptibility. Or, stretching the analysis to an infinite nothingness, may even be lost in its own supposed being as the hollow sighing of the fancied winds, expressing nothing more than mere apparent audibility, and yet so far as the suggestion may be concerned, answers every purpose that a real or material entity could supply. By no other reason can the apparent mysteries of the transcendental be logically entertained, but upon which philosophy the existence of worlds in the idealistic sense merely can be explained and maintained. Wherefore did we believe beyond the power to convince to the contrary, that we were all kings we would be such, and enjoy all the prequisites they do apparently enjoy, or as we as susceptibilities have it suggested to us, that they do. Yet, it would be necessary for some quality of Intelligence to suggest the picture of a king, and much more would it have been necessary to *design* a tangible or powerful entity, if such there were.

MOVING PICTURES.

We have the suggestion of moving pictures and likewise the moving pictures throughout the realm of this supposed existence have the suggestion of us as moving pictures; for such we are and we cannot be otherwise explained.

We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that there might be a way discovered to make permanent the transcient moving pictures which present the suggestions of form and appearance and likeness the same as if they were real and tangible entities; the same as we are suggested to be temporarily, at least, and temporarily *only;* for in the apparent passing of a very brief period we shall not even be suggested as moving pictures or any picture at all. Now, you tell me, the moving picture is nothing and yet I can see it. Upon the same principle of argument I tell you I am nothing and you say you can see me. If it be possible for a picture to appear as a real thing in one instance it is possible for it to appear a real thing in another. It is merely a case of a picture seeing, in imagination, another picture and suggestions to the fancied sense of sight are the same as the suggestions of feeling, tasting, smelling, hearing, etc., if a subdivision may be allowed.

I have apparently recently seen and talked with two suggested dead individuals, and I am sufficiently advanced in the security of my doctrine to have been in my normal senses while talking with them although in the apparent state of slumber. These two moving pictures were known to me as Abraham L. Flanningham, the suggestion of a lawyer to whom I in his fancied state of extreme illness and ill-luck, donated more than one year's occupancy and use of one of the fancied private rooms of my offices, together with use of what appears to be the reception room, besides in fancy doing him numerous other favors as he was suggested as a moving picture at this fancied place. The other was the suggestion of a little fellow whose name I never knew but who for the apparent lapse of fifteen years stood at the corner of what appears to be La Salle and Madison streets, in the city of Chicago, in Illinois, selling newspapers. We were friends, and often joked with each other there, so to speak. Mr. Flanningham appeared before me beautifully in statue and general make-up. We greeted each other pleasantly, the same as we had in the suggestion of by-gone days. He said to me: "———, why don't you hurry with your book?" I answered in a joking manner as I had often joked with him: "You are just a little too early, old

man, and if you had been a little later I would have it ready so that you could have taken a copy of it along to heaven with you, to show them up there that I know as much about the real truth as they do." He immediately began to disappear. I reached out, hoping to detain him, but he was gone. I concluded from the experience and had reason to conclude that the principle advocated in the work is correct, otherwise one who has apparently "passed beyond the veil" would not be interested in its publication, notwithstanding he made no positive assertion in that regard, but since then I have had a direct and positive statement from the suggestion of a departed individual, confirming beyond quesion the idea that the apparent life is the same as the apparent death, there being nothing tangible in either, and the same pictures seen (in fancy, nevertheless) in one situation are the same as those seen in the other. The little fellow above referred to, whom we called "Humppy," he having the suggestion of a humped back, was seen by me not in a state of stupid and senseless sleep, but with the same normal power to reason which I have at the suggestion of the present moment. I was, however, in the suggestion of that resting condition, known as sleep, yet not *asleep* as to clearness of thought and observation. This little fellow appeared as of yore with a bunch of papers under his arm, crying out "Evening papers!" I approached him, knowing that he had been suggested as dead for about three years, or the apparent lapse thereof, and said to him: "Hello, Humppy, I thought you were dead, but I see you are still here at your old stand." He answered, with a smile characteristic of himself, "Well, old man, *it's all the same, anyhow.*" I followed up his remark with an open laugh, using these words: "So I was right, wasn't I, when I told you, 'Life was only a dream,'" and then I laughed with a sort of satisfying sneer. He made no further answer and disappeared immediately as did Flanningham upon my asserting the authority of my wisdom. Now, this one fact that neither continued the conversation beyond a sufficient assurance that I am right in my doctrine has caused me some thought and the only deduction therefrom has been that the reason why neither said more was that each had been in-

structed by the great Intelligence to appear before me to say so much and no more, and neither of them dared to violate the instruction received. Yet there was sufficient said by each of them to positively assure me that my work is held in favor in the other fancied suggestion of existence, which, of course, encourages me. But whether or not either of them had appeared or said anything I would still be satisfied that I am right, because I am unable to even contradict myself, however much I may take the opposite side of any argument I have hitherto advanced.

AN ETERNAL TANGIBLE ENTITY, OR ANY TANGIBLE ENTITY AT ALL, AN ABSOLUTE IMPOSSIBILITY. A. THERE ARE NO PLANETS, NOR ANY EARTH.

An eternal tangible entity, whether a God, devil, man, beast, bird, insect or germ, could not be possible, and no theory can be advanced to support such an erroneous doctrine. *Nothing.* What is nothing? If there were something, as above set forth, design would be a necessity. Design and eternal tangible entities cannot agree. I am stretching my imagination to the beginning of a no beginning, as it were, and will fancy the suggestion of such, which, of course, could not be, but let us suppose that there could be a *beginning* of a *no beginning,* could anything be created either in a physical or spiritual sense without design? The proposition, then of the Great Intelligence is the only reasonable argument, and I positively assure you that no other can be accepted by any rational thought. Therefore there cannot be any tangible thing.

Arguing from a material standpoint merely, we all must admit that it is the quality of suggested *Hardness* that causes the apparent stone to appear hard, the stone receiving its hardness, as it were, from the *Quality,* only—the said quality (naming it adhesion, for sake of argument) relinquishing its hold on the apparent stone, the quality of softness (without removing, or apparently destroying the supposed material) takes its place. In other words, it must be admitted that quality makes or unmakes the stone. It causes it to be ap-

preciated as a hard or soft stone, respectively, and that quality is idealistic.

Now, if there were material worlds, called stars, planets, etc., and it were true that gravitation, so-called, kept them in their respective orbits, each being attracted upon either side by another or more, as a necessity, there would be nothing to attract the outer sides of the out side ones. They would be overcome by the attraction of the inner ones, and join with them, and so on until all outside ones would become one with the inside ones, and that *omnibus* (?) one then having nothing on either side to attract it, would necessarily fall through space, so-called, and there being no end to space, it would fall eternally; and there being no point of division to space, it being unbounded, this big body (?) so-called would be nowhere; for if it fell up, down or sideways, it would be going in the same direction; because direction predicates an end. Is it not plain there is no place? Yes, and equally plain that there is no space, as heretofore understood; yet, the Great Intelligence, the essence of all other qualities is unlimited, unlimited in its efficiency to cause any suggestion, and likewise as to time. It is without beginning or end, and hence it cannot be measured. To measure means to divide. Can you divide it, stop it, see it, or prevent its apparent haste or slowness? No, and we are so far as apparent time may be concerned, the same as sparks, as they appear, and our individualization is barely temporary, as it were, to the Great Intelligence. As to inherent power or efficacy, to do, to know, or even to be, we have none. All comes to us from the Great Intelligence, and again do I assure you that we are mere susceptibilities of suggestions. We have no choice as to suggestions. Whatever the Great Intelligence wishes us to see, to hear, feel, taste, smell, know, believe, think we know, think we believe, or think we are, is the impression we receive, so that the suggestion of a snail may believe it is a king or emperor, enjoying itself as such, as some of us believe we are small or great, rich or poor, according to the suggestions received. The right of choice is the only one we have, even according to the apparent, and apparently enforced laws. All

can, in our imaginations, be taken from us excepting our right of choice. We may love, hate, wish or desire, to do as we please. Even the scorn of the loved one cannot prevent our loving, neither can any one question our respective tastes. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* (There is no dispute as to taste) nor any authority over it.

NEITHER OF THE FANCIED APPETITES DEPENDS UPON ACTUAL MATERIAL FOR SATIATION.

The fancied appetites do not depend upon actual material for their satiation, nor is it necessary to retain, detain or even see any supposed entity in order that it may be appreciated as having fulfilled the mission of supplying a need, satisfying an appetite, or giving any other desired pleasure; because when the thought is satisfied then one realizes that there is no body to be reckoned with. I am now about to deal with a subject, a practical one, and write as though the circumstance had really occurred, as in my fancy, it did, but I was fully conscious of the fact that I was dreaming, as I always am, and you always are.

I fancy that I am sojourning at a hotel in a city of about eight thousand inhabitants, and, with two other friends, I am living at this hotel. In the fancied silent hours of the night I am taken ill, and losing several hours rest on account of that circumstance, I am too weary to arise in time for breakfast in the hotel dining room, as the breakfast hours are from 7:30 till 9:00 A. M., I order my breakfast sent up to me a little before 9:00 o'clock, so to speak, for I have not time to get ready (?). My breakfast is brought to me, and I imagine myself as eating it heartily, until near the finishing point, I discover that I have eaten a part of a fly. I had previously (not in fact, there being no *previously,* all time being the same) looked at what I was, in fancy, eating, not, however, thinking of it, but there was no fly apparent. I happened to think, what a nice breakfast I have enjoyed, and am still enjoying, and supposing there is a fly or some other worm or insect that I have devoured, said *I* to *myself*. Now, who is myself and who am I? Well, we shall discuss that question at length, but to return to the fly

and the breakfast: It should be noticed that when the thought suggested itself that there might be a fly capable of fancy, the fly in fancy appeared. It were possible that at any other stage of the repast, supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were such (though I was in my right mind, and know it was *not*) I could have created in fancy a million flies as easily as I created one, or a part (?) of one; for I had already eaten a part of it. Then I dispensed with the whole of the breakfast, the eaten as well as the uneaten part, and why was I not hungry when my breakfast was lost (?) Simply because I was satisfied that I had eaten, and my fancied appetite being satisfied, nothing could add to that satisfaction, and the mere imagination creates, in fancy, nevertheless, the apparent solidity along with the aparition, the picture. As much is said in this discussion concerning the satisfying of the certain cravings without real application of the supposed thing wished for, it will not be necessary to dwell more at length upon this subject in this volume.

AN INFLUENCE APPRECIABLE ALWAYS PRESENT: A COMFORTER, OR A TORMENTOR: WHY? EXPLAINED.

Regardless of where the susceptibility in fancy may be, whether in a crowded hall, a desert, or in a dungeon alone (?), there is always appreciable to him some other thinking suggester to comfort or to bless, or to torment, to worry and discourage. The question now arises: Is there really a separate associate? I have told you that there could not be a permanent *individualization* of the susceptibility, and the further we go into the thought it doth the more appear that there is no detached, as it were, entity, even in the idealistic sense, and since there cannot be a fancied time when one can be alone, even though alone, why concern ourselves (?) about the future happenings, the present or the past, in fancy, or, so to speak? The eternal Intelligence being ourselves, when of *first quality,* cannot save or destroy us without saving or destroying itself. Here the ridiculous idea of a devil asserts itself so plainly that there need be no question as to the falsity of the doctrine. If there were a devil, the Great Intelligence would

necessarily have to be the God and Devil combined; because nothing, not even the fancied devil himself, can be possibly torn away from it. If I were called upon to define the devil, I would call it the negative, the No Virtue, where the susceptibility, or mere fang to the Great Octopus wanders away from sacred thought, and while there suffers the lack of the comforting influence of the great Intelligence. My experience has been such as to positively assure me that there is no supposed place, nor any fancied condition in which one cannot reach the Great Comforter through earnest prayer. Such prayer (but it must be earnest) brings the temporary individual (if temporary even he be) in touch with the ever-flowing qualities, and away from the devil (?), the absence of the great virtues, as it were. That is all there is to the two apparently opposite situations, or conditions, to-wit: The Great Intelligence, Everything, comfort, pleasure and consolation complete. The devil, Nothing, isolation, misery, straining and striving to reach the something (not in a material sense, however) whereby one is not comforted or consoled. Like the fancied dismembered limb of the supposed body may still pain the individual loser, as it were, though it be miles away, so that one in such fancied condition has been heard to exclaim: "Oh, that arm, how it pains," long after the arm has been supposed to have been amputated. There is much cause for thought upon the subject of the power, so to speak, of the absence of the influence, to chill the sense, torture and disturb it, and this is in direct harmony with the ideas herein promulgated which positively prove that there is nothing, and could not be as a tangible entity. We appreciate the echo and the sound, and as the echo comes back as though it had struck something so do the supposed things we think we touch seem to offer resistance. It may be well to notice here that the heaviest fancied weight one ever experienced is the condition commonly referred to as "nightmare." It seems to hold with a tenacity far more strong, positive and irresistible than the fancied hug of the bear, and yet we know there is no positive entity enforcing such submission while the spell may last, and let us suppose we remained in the condition thereby produced, the cause, whether it be the

apparition of a strong man or beast, a falling building or other supposed thing would be ever apparent,and considered real; unless you knew as I do that all is imagined. I have advanced to the stage where I regard all dreams alike, and retain my sense of the actual fact whether the suggestion of sleep or being awake is with me. Likewise whether apparent trouble or pleasure may be suggested, I remain the same; because I know that they are only the panoramic pranks, or acts of the Great Intelligence, in order that it may be entertained, and not obliterate itself or us; for even the Intelligence, itself, could not be an unlimited efficacious God, if allowed to be in any way idle. Its activity is itself, and therefore necessarily essential to its efficacy. We could not imagine a picture without a picture, and to lose thought means to lose consciousness, without the power of revival, I believe, I *know*.

THE GREAT INTELLIGENCE, A QUALITY MERELY, BUT IT HAS NUMEROUS VIRTUES, DEFINABLE AND DEFINED.

Lingering still with the qualities, it becomes more plain how they are eternal, how they are the Great Intelligence, also, is it definable and herein defined what their virtues are. It is not for us, as apparent creatures, to question the possibility, or possibilities of our fancied creators, and yet it is proper to indulge in such thought as will satisfy us as to those virtues, in order that we may exercise still greater faith (nay, faith absolute) in them, love them, serve them, and receive the blessing they give, which said blessing is consolation. To be in doubt as to the origin of one's self is not a matter of much consequence, nor need he concern himself so very much as to what he really is, or even what the name of his supposed maker is, but when it comes to the question of what will be the character of the change which he is sure to undergo in one manner or another, and also, the question of what will be the safe and sure course to pursue so as to find it more to his comfort, pleasure, and security, like one moving, in fancy, from one supposed place or position to another, it is indeed a matter of deep concern, and only a fool would not stop, pause, wonder and think as well as prepare for the change; for,

however much the infidel may boast and pretend to show his daring of the inevitable awaiting his soul, there is suggested to every one the fact, that there is danger in neglect or indifference as regards the apparent future of his soul, and if there were sin, Indifference would be it. Since this warning is suggested to each susceptibility, it must necessarily be derivable from the Great Intelligence. In order, therefore, that one may have perfect consolation (no guessing being *sure*) it is, first of all, essential to define the supporting quality, and make sure that it is infallible. Such a logical conclusion cannot be arrived at as long as there is possibility for contradiction.

Says the suggestion of Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and though, after my skin worms shall destroy this body, *yet, in my flesh,* shall I see God." Such an unreasonable idea might have satisfied such a Job, but what shadow of proof does he offer? In the apparent a little later, the suggestion of Jesus Christ comes and says: "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The latter has been quoted *supra,* but in explaining a great subject like this, tautology is necessary. I desire to make all plain. What better contradiction would the infidel, or the free thinker wish to have in support of his argument? So it is; every attempt to bring material into this great problem causes doubt and disbelief as to the existence, also, the infallibility of God, and more than that: If there were material, there could not be a God. The soul could not be material; neither could God be material. To be God means to be an eternal (without beginning or end) quality.

Quality could not possibly begin, nor could quality transmute itself. It is pure and simple, always was and always will be so, unmixed and unmixable with any decaying material. Of that you may be sure. Now we have a Quality God to depend upon, and a fine quality of one at that, and, therefore, we are safe as to its perfection, and lasting virtue. If we had a material God he would have to die just as our pictures of material seem to do. That should be enough to satisfy all, but some of us don't know enough to think, or are indifferent,

because, as many say, "It is too hard." Now, I admit that it is hard, but still, I have thought it out for you, and whether you all believe it in the apparent now, I shall not lose my reward, because I know I am right, and you will have to believe. There is no way in which to contradict any declaration I make. Why? Because all is the everlasting truth, not written for a name, nor for gain, but for the consolation of fancied men, women and children.

THESE QUALITIES AND VIRTUES ALLIED ARE UNQUESTIONABLY ETERNAL.

A question as to how these qualities and virtues came about, upon reflection, is foolish, in a measure, especially when dwelt upon by an extraordinary susceptibility, for how could they come about when they always were? Or, as I have endeavored again and again to impress upon you, what could be capable of bringing them, or either of them about? They are simply and unquestionably eternal, clearly and conclusively establishing the fact that any sensibility even bearing relation to, or in any way partaking of them, or either of them, must necessarily be likewise eternal. Hence, as said *supra,* the question of how eternity will be enjoyed, or otherwise, is one which should have our most serious thought. The apparent possession we seem to have here, we leave, lose consciousness of, even our fancied bodies, so that we cannot so much as have a lasting body, even if it were real, and if a mind which would have to depend on the brain, and the brain upon the other fancied parts of the body, we had, in the commonly accepted sense, we could not even have after the demise of the brain. Then why concern ourselves about the transcient apparent present and its moving pictures as against the everlasting eternity of the soul? Then it is a consolation to know the truth, and how to win eternal happiness, is it not? You cannot analyze a quality. It is of itself reduced to simplicity, and is not mixed with other ingredients, but you can analyze thought in deciphering the fact of the quality by its peculiar demonstrations. When you reach proof of the quality, there

is no farther to go; because you have found what you were looking for. Quality, then, being nonreducable, stands an undisputed eternal fact, but nothing else save a quality can so stand, and nothing else save a quality could be a God eternal.

And now I devote my eternal gratitude to the great intelligence for this wisdom which enables me to be the first to know and to tell the whole truth. It is perfectly plain to me, however, that Jesus Christ knew from declarations He made. Why He did not tell all plainly, or whether He was incorrectly quoted, is not for me to comment upon. Suffice it to further say: There is no necessity for further argument, because I have given you all the facts; all you need, or can be told. Praise the Great Intelligence.

THE SUGGESTION OF A THOMAS A. EDISON IS IN ERROR WHEN STATING: "MAN HAS NO SOUL," AND "THIS IS MATERIAL." MAN, SO-CALLED, HAS A SOUL, BUT NO MATERIAL BODY.

Neither Edison nor any other susceptibility of suggestions can prove that impressions gained are material, or have any relation with materiality. All is spiritual, or idealistic. The assertion that there is no soul, or that one actually dies is too ridiculous to be believed by any sober thought, and Edison, being more than an ordinary susceptibility, was probably only teasing the fancied preachers. He says: "I am dead five hours every twenty-four." What awakens him? Surely a dead body could not do it. It will be admitted by all, that during the fancied sleeping hours, some of the most vivid pictures are presented to the susceptibility, some of the hardest problems solved, some of sweetest music heard,: best resolutions made, and best times had. According to Edison, a dead man would be doing, hearing, seeing and feeling all this. Surely, he must have been joking, but still, the fancied preachers could not answer him refutingly, because they believe in, and like to cling to, the idea of the existence of material. There is no question one can ask which cannot be fully and clearly explained, but he who clings to the belief in material

will never be able to explain any idea. Once "on the wire" and having a "good connection," all will be perfectly plain.

As said *supra,* often when one thinks he has been awakened from a dream, he is sorry that he could not have remained in that dream rather than awaken (?) to less agreeable dreams to be realized in the fancied waking hours. Sleeping, itself, so-called, is only a *dream.* We dream we have been asleep, although we have only rested from the presentation of certain pictures, viewing however, in our imagination, other pictures just as plainly to be seen (?). It is all a dream, and there is no way in which to get away from the fact. I tried by every system of reasoning and logical deduction to reconcile the existence of material with Eternity, God and Soul, but it cannot be done, and if there were only matter it could not even be thought of, and could not think of itself. It being true that matter was not first as it would have in that situation needed a creator, dispensing with the possibility of being eternal, and any idea of creation even of a God or a thought is antagonistic and decidedly contradictory to the fact of eternity. There we can safely rest, and no one can dispute.

Let us all be happy, satisfied and smiling, for the problem has been solved. No argument can be offered to contradict, and what else could it be but a dream? Do you not see that all supposed things pass as a panoramic show? If anything were real, why can we not save something? We cannot even save ourselves a supposed second, and cannot even depend upon now, when we undertake to consider the material, knowing that you and I may quit this form of dreaming at the very instant, so to speak, and awaken (?) to other views. What now becomes of all we had (?) were (?) saw (?) heard (?) felt (?) tasted (?) or of us? The suggestions are discontinued, others appear, and they are better or worse, accordingly as we may have deserved while dreaming at the supposed *here.*

It can be plainly perceived that thought is the all, and all thought is the same, regardless of the inferiority of some susceptibilities. This might be considered a mystery, but it can

be explained. It must necessarily be explained; for I recognize no "self-evident truth or truths." There is a reason for every apparent thing, but like two fancied students, one apparently lazy (I say *lazy;* for laziness is a degradation of the quality of endeavor) will give up attempting to solve a problem, because he cannot see the *reason,* while the untiring one never rests until he solves it. Laziness on the part of the fancied thinking men. together with a desire to believe in material from a selfish standpoint, has been the cause, or have been the causes of much being hitherto unexplained. The fancied preachers have in many cases contented themselves with their salaries while they invited their followers to rely on "Self-evident Truths," which they could not explain, but which were, however, true, in the idealistic sense, but might be untrue.

The Great Intelligence has the efficacy to, and does unmistakably exercise the right of choice, and by virtue of this quality, it doth grant unto each of its sparks emitted, such degree of susceptibility of suggestions, as well as temporary individualized efficacy of its own to transmit, as it deems proper. It sends them out, and it recalls them at will. It often happens that one or more of these off-shoots, as it were, become so perfect that offices of associate are gained, as in the case of Jesus Christ. We, all of us, have the possibility to rise in greater or less esteem, and some, like Jesus Christ, will be made *eternal,* as souls and names. Therefore, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They do not flow from any material. Eternity in the strictest sense is not granted to all promiscuously and individually, and must be striven for, and, as said *supra,* some are lost forever, sent out into the coldness of absence from beauty, wealth of thought, music, love and other charming experiences, but in order to realize the want of these and other consoling influences, the Great Intelligence, all being possible with, through its peculiar efficacy leaves them alone with consciousness merely as to themselves, but lost as a memory to the Great Intelligence for a fancied time, at least, like the fancied jailer who locks up his prisoners for the night, so to speak, and forgets them and their miseries while he sleeps. Do not undertake to trifle with or to deceive the Great Intelli-

gence. Its law is stern and must be obeyed. Absence of the comforts above referred to is *hell.*

In the condition of imagination, any experience is possible. It is so because imagination is a quality, or in other words, one of the demonstrations of its virtue. Thought has been used throughout eternity, which, however, is now only the everlasting *Now.* An impression made upon the thought to you or any other susceptibility in the apparent four trillions of years ago may be flashed upon any susceptibility, or recalled, and be recognized as a happening even now, which really is, and the current being continuous, impresses as it goes at each susceptibility, "telegraph station," as it were.

It may be asked why some susceptibilities seem to act strangely. It is because of confusing impressions or suggestions received, and due generally to inattention, carelessness, indolence or desire to be vicious. That *Whateveritis* which is always apparently speaking to us will not continue to do so unless we heed. It is the interpreter of the suggestions, and this circumstance alone disproves the idea that there is a soul in a body. The picture of a supposed something which the fancied physicians claim to have recently discovered surrounding the supposed human body, calling it "Aura," is the picture of that interpreter, and that is *not* material, nor is the apparent body material. Even the fancied X-ray proves it is only a picture. This, however, is all idealistic, remember, there being no body for a soul to occupy—Darwin, in his vain effort (I mean the suggestion of a Darwin) to prove man a *material being,* was *driven* to the absurd conclusions that he was once a *monkey*—I prove man is a God, at least, the possibility of being one. He is the highest supposed thing we have as yet seen. Remember *that.*

But to return to the question of the queer acts of apparent beings: I have given you some of the causes why they appear to so deport themselves. They, in many cases, have not, and will not receive the efficacy to resist. The temporary, as it were, individual, (and we must consider him in the abstract merely) exhibits a disposition to follow with

moving picture pranks, while the impressions abide in the apparent time. There is indeed only one strictly independent entity, and that is idealistic. "I and my Father are one," says Jesus Christ, and He is right, and so are we one with the Great Intelligence, the absolute Fountain of Thought with its associated qualities. This great quality, with its associated virtues is unmade, and unmakable; it simply is.

Truth is a quality, and to be understood means to explain the fact of the non-creative. Let us suppose there never had been, nor ever would be a thinking susceptibility, or even a Great Intelligence, would not truth be truth the same? Abstract; surely abstract it is, and it is the abstractness which clears up the question of its being eternal, an eternal virtue. All the other virtues are under the same rule, and with the Great Intelligence are a unit. The concrete, as it appears, would have to have been made, with nothing out of which to make it, and could not possibly have been its own originator no more than a fancied stone could produce another stone, or get up and adjust itself in the construction of a fancied building, without the apparent strength and guiding hand of so-called fancied man, which is in reality God making the picture. God can believe what it pleases, and we being God, also must, necessarily, believe what God believes. Now, what more do you ask? That satisfies me, and I would be the last one to take any chances with my soul or body either, if I had one; wherefore, in case I might have no blot upon my fancied body, I have ever been careful not to keep any fancied bad company, and to continue in thought and study, until I reached a conclusion whereby my soul would be safe in its belief.

The only question is: How did these virtues, truth, sympathy, love and many others (all, however, a unit) come about? Why, they simply always were, which means they *are*. Now is always and always is now. It could not be necessary for truth, sympathy, love or intelligence to be made, and being unmakable, eternal, could not have been made, although they may be magnified in the fact of their realization. Neither could anything, even idealistic, have created itself, and not

being able to create itself, it could not have been created, for we go into the eternal nothingness to find nothing, nothing to create anything, otherwise that creating thing, or force, you may say, would necessarily have been first created by something, or force, and so on *ad infinitum,* bringing us to nothingness. Is that not plain enough and conclusive, and uncontradictable? It is.

These virtues are because they are, and no one, no thing, no force nor any influence even could have caused them, or either of them. And these are Idealistic, Mr. Edison, and Mr., Miss, or Mrs. Every One Else.

THE TRUTHS AND DOCTRINES ARE IMMUTABLE—HELL FIRE THE WORD OF GOD—A DREAM MERELY, AS ALL OTHERS.

The doctrine of "Hell Fire" is the word of God. It must be idealistically true; for "Even though the heavens (?) and the earth pass away, His (God's) word will not pass." These two imaginary places exist only in the word (or, in other words, the Thought) of God; the Great Intelligence. This is symbolical of truth—it is truth eternal; it cannot be changed, cannot be error, cannot be wrong, cannot pass, or be changed to suit the fancies or desires or the prejudices of crazy individuals, whether they be infidels, or disciples deficient in their reason. It cannot be changed to suit the narrow-minded Ben Tillman, as suggested, and all others who undertake to interfere with the plan of the Great Intelligence, in any way, or from whose souls are transmissions of hatred for their fellows, instead of love for all.

Tillman, thinking he is a "white man" (but there is no color), is very much insulted to realize that the Great Intelligense sees fit to present pictures of what he thinks are "black men." It would, however, please Mr. Tillman if they were suggested as slaves, but that dream is suspended. It was a sweet dream while it remained. The next dream Tillman will not like will be the dream of the fancied devil, with a big "pitch-fork" throwing him into hell. Then he may realize that he was dreaming in the other presentation.

Regard not the idea of a punishment by way of experience as an idle suggestion; for it is a serious consideration. Some are on the "Hell Fire" line (not physical fire or brimstone) but the imagination of a worse picture than any natural hell fire could present, or cause to be presented, were there physical fire, and those will unquestionably burn, in their fancy, until they become civilized, as it were, for when the Great Intelligence says: "Love all," it means just what it says. It being God's word, cannot be changed, cannot pass. Pity, it is true, is one of the attributes of the Great Intelligence, which, again, in its unlimited efficacy, it can suspend at will, so that when one having opportunities to be right, and failing therein, simply because he delights to be mean (through the unlimited efficacy of the Great Intelligence giving him that choice for an apparent season) or is unduly proud, scornful, vindictive or prejudiced, and against the eternal truth, he is cut off, as it were, to suffer the horrors of a condition worse than the most dreadful imaginations of hell fire could inflict; because these susceptibilities, though not material, are under existing conditions capable of undergoing the same experience a natural being could were there one in existence. Now, you understand. You will never regret taking my word for that, even though you may be so deficient in common sense that you cannot see the truth as plain as "two times two are four." There may be some who would even try to dispute that, and say they were eleven, but that would not in any wise change the truth.

All who doubt the word of God fail to "get on the wire," and the indifferent ones "have not a good connection," whereby they miss the "sweet communion of the Holy Spirit," undergoing the tormenting absence of truth, faith, hope and charity, and this is hell. I am not guessing about this, nor am I theorizing in regard thereto. I know whereof I speak, I assure you, because I have been permitted to enter the exclusive revelations of the Thought world. In other words, I am "on the line," and I have "a good connection." All is perfectly plain to me. I can see the truths, and do not have to theorize. I

did that in the arriving at the incontrovertible conclusions, and now I *know*.

The susceptibilities receive such impressions as are necessary to constitute each its original self. It would not be as entertaining if all appeared alike, variety being one of the cravings of the susceptibilties, and also, as we have the suggestions of different appetites, senses, etc., the pictures appear to suit (I will add, different tastes) the conditions. We imagine we see real men, women, children, beasts, birds, insects, plants, flowers, rocks and stones, all and each satiating the appetites, tastes, or desires, resepectively, and the same as though they were real, notwithstanding I have proven to you that they, nor either of them can be, and they serve the same purpose as they would if we or they, or either of them were real. The only difference is: They, nor either of them are *real*. That is all. Now, do you understand? By *real,* I mean *material,* as they *seem to be*. Each of us is given a responsibility accordingly, and in keeping with our privileges, like the apparently inferior animals, which seem to rival in intelligence the photographs of human fools. "The greater the privileges, the greater the responsibility," is not a new saying, but a true one, and likewise, the greater the pleasure substituted for duty the greater the tortures when the reaction of acute remorse comes.

These characters, or qualities, are eternal, because they are principles. The principle of how to build a house would not depend for its truth upon the actual building, but simply be a readiness. A principle cannot be destroyed. It would remain a principle though there were no mind even to be applied to. It is simply bare, naked truth, that is all. It is like the *vacuum,* nothing tangible, but a ready to receive condition. Thus quality is and ever was and will be a quality regardless of its possession by any imagined person, place or thing. It that not plain enough, and can that be disputed? Even a void principle would not lose its righteousness. All negatives are simply absence of the positives, that is to say, there is a negative because the positive is lacking. Now, can

the mere absence of a principle be another principle? No. Therefore we cannot go back to a condition of a no principle, or we would find a nothingness even as to consciousness.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ONLY BEGINNING TO EXPERIMENT IN THOUGHT.

The Christian Scientist, so fancied, has only begun to see a rent (or a crack, so to speak) in the veil. They have made, in a degree, a commendable start, but they base their faith too much upon stubborn propositions, and do not run their propositions down to syllogisms. They do not state any indisputable or even reasonable conclusions, while their ideas of practical appliances, as things appear, are wanting in the quality of acceptance. In other words, they declare, but do not explain. Still, they are generally good suggestions of people, and now they can be fully advised by reading the explanations of the ideas which they hitherto vaguely recognized. They tell you that you do not need a doctor, but that you do need beefsteak. It is necessary, I tell you, to believe you do need a doctor, but in the idealistic sense, yet just the same as though he were a real doctor of flesh and blood, as he appears to be, and likewise the beefsteak, as both are suggested. We do need the idealistic doctor, the idealistic food, and the idealistic every supposed thing which appears necessary to satiate the cravings of the susceptibility, as the same may be suggested to it; because, as aforesaid, our conditions, though mental, are pictures of, and like practices in which a physical being would indulge, were there such a thing; wherefore the pictures of, and necessities for, the apparent doctor, beefsteaks, etc., as they appear to us. As long as we are capable of believing we are ill, we must also believe the fancied man of medical skill is a necessity. Likewise, any other necessity, as it appears, must receive its satisfaction through a medium which appears reasonably to be a medium. It is ridiculous to advance incredible ideas which are contrary to existing facts; for the everlasting truth must prevail. All ideas must conform thereto. It may, in some instances, require

the apparent lapse of time to get truth a proper sanction, but it will stand the test of all supposed time, and eternity. So the suggestion of hunger being an appetite, the suggestion of pain being a suffering, the same must be appeased through a recognized medium, to-wit: the doctor or the beefsteak. In brief: All conditions are the same as if they were *real,* and this explanation, the climax of all reasoning would not be necessary were it not best for consolation to all, and settling forever the question of what God, man, eternity, heaven and hell really are. Now we know all, and let us have a good time, but be careful, every one. There is no need of worrying or being afraid, as in the case of two little fancied girls whose pastor urged them to give their hearts to God before they left the church, as they might die before they reached home, and the little tots, realizing the facts that they could not extract their fancied hearts to give to God or any one else, took with severe fright and ran all the way home, fearing they would die before they reached the fancied place. God has our hearts, so to speak, in His keeping, and simply desires that we apply them diligently to that which is right, all, however, in the idealistic sense, but acting as in the physical. If we see a picture, or feel a pain, we see or feel them in some manner, at least; that is all there is to the fact. Now, the qualifications as to their reality, extent, origin, cause, effect, etc., may be cleared up, but not by stubborn dogmas void of reason, and contradictory in the extreme. Such philosophical and undeniable proofs as all are compelled to accept as convincing argument are required. but don't tell a man he does not experience pain when he knows he does, or he will call you a fool, and not call you out of your proper name either. Show him first a philosophical (he need not be a philosopher) reason as to how he could think he felt the pain and still that pain, though apparently physical, was in reality not. Then he will understand you, and begin to seek after the truth. "He who seeks will find." Tell the fancied sick that they do need the suggestion of a doctor to enable them to remove the suggestion of the pain, and to bring about one of comfort. And all this is Idealistic.

* TODAS LAS VIDAS BUENAS SON.

The dream one's a toiler, or servant of earth,
May cause longings for wealth or for ease;
Yet the dream one's an *invalid,* rich from his birth,
Is to envy strength, labor, surcease.

The dream one is poor and in want may distress,
He may say that his prayers are unheard;
Each seeming sad curse will eventually bless,
If it leads him to *think* on the "*Word*".

The dream of the mariners, lonely, may tear
At their souls as o'er oceans they roam;
Still, sweetest of comforting words they do hear,
In fancy, from loved ones at home.

The dreams some are *black, red* or *brown,* oft dismay,
As appears from the *ray* or the *spark;*
Though scorned they may be, shunned and hated by day,
All color's (?) the *same* in the *dark* (?).

Now this observation we've all often made:
Fancied riches bring not true content;
Indians, malays and negroes rest in fancied shade,
Happy, *satisfied, without a cent* (?).

The dream one is old, and his hair turned to gray,
Is not that of regret or of pain;
For some gauntlets run safely while on his way,
Might *seem fatal* (?) if tried o'er again.

The dream that a storm or a fire has destroyed,
To *materialists* may seem all awry;
But many will think they are nicely employed,
And, in fancy, will not *starve* (?) or *die* (?).

Howe'er blows the wind, or the world seems to go,
'Tis easily seen, understood;
That what few, in fancy, behold as in woe,
The many will dream of as good.

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* "All the Dreams are Good."

And thus might I tell you from now until *June,*
Of the *duo-style* character of dreams,
Be cheerful, be thankful, let this be your tune:
Naught really is bad, though it *seems.*

You picture a man who steals or who slays,
Then call it a crime, and you will,
Until you *see truth,* as the *Idealist* says:
There's nothing to steal or to kill.

It's only a lesson in right and in wrong,
That love, joy and peace may be sought,
While the seeming great horrors appeal to the throng (?)
Simply that they might *think* as they *ought.*

Supposing a *"Dummy"* dressed up like a man (?)
Were *"chopped up"* in *thought,* and you knew
Not the fact: *no material* (?) has suffered, or *can,*
'Twould be like the same pictures you view.

You cannot hold matter and mind "hand in hand",
Or be with the *"Hare* and the *Hound";*
Idealism alone doth all faith now command,
No other conclusion is sound.

Since there is no matter, why worry or fret,
Whether life, death, or pleasure the dream?
When you look for the good, only good you can get,
Though *terribly bad* it may *seem.*

The doctor's a *picture,* the drug is not *real,*
Doth all *true Idealists* say;
So. it's only a dream when you call them to *heal,*
What reason to keep them away?

I'm usually serious, but when I observe,
"Christian Scientists", I have to laugh,
For although they admit there's no *matter to serve,*
Show they're only *Idealists "by half".*

The dream one's a king, it is true, may not be
Happy ever; for oft in a day (?)
The subjects (?) aware they're his masters, and free,
Will sweep all his *power* (?) away.

There's no dream after all that really is bad,
Whether giving us pleasure or pain;
We can always find others, who feeling so sad,
Would exchange their *dreamed loss* for our gain.

All happens for best; that's my gospel, my creed,
Eternal, *immutable,* friend;
There's naught that we miss, though we *deem it a need,*
Which we'll not find was the *best in the end.*

Be thankful! however, it to you appears,
Great Intelligence knows what to do;
True faith will bring, mid your joys or your tears,
That which is the best to give *you.*

Then heaven will even be found in the *ditch,*
Peace and happiness within each door;
'Tis *only a dream,* one, in fancy, is rich,
Likewise, *just a dream,* one *seems poor.*

It can't be denied, when in thought we arise,
And aim with a pure lofty range;
Doing right, loving good, being cheerful and wise,
We shall notice the dreams how they change.

Truth is but a stubborn, *invincible Line,*
To be *right,* we *must meet its decree;*
It never will *yield,* nor to *error incline,*
Whatever we WISH it might be.

IT IS THE NAME ONLY THAT LIVES INDEPENDENTLY, FOREVER, THE SOUL, GENERALLY, RETURNS TO THE GREAT INTELLIGENCE.

When we come to the final conclusion of the whole question, and the one of all most debated, thought over and much worried about, and that is: Will the soul live forever? A careful perusal of the foregoing should convince you beyond any question as to what the soul is, and its destiny, but in direct answer to the question, I say, *yes*, unquestionably, yes; because it is simply a part of the Great Intelligence, and must live forever, but under certain conditions, among which will be the suggestion of happiness or misery, and even those may interchange. The quality of mercy, the quality of punishment, or banishment into the lost nothingness, comparatively speaking, with only consciousness felt or experienced whereby suffering may mean effect, lost for an apparent time even as a memory, under the unlimited efficacies of the Great Intelligence, itself. Sad to think of, but unquestionably true. No apparent hope, no one to appeal to, and no one to listen when appeal is made. So be careful. It is in a degree like the fancied government, composed of several states, so to speak, all being a part of the general government and each individual having its particular part to perform or rights to enjoy, and the general government seeing fit to punish or banish any one or more of its subjects, according to their respective merits. The punished or banished may be freed or allowed to return, respectively, or not, according to circumstances governing the particular case. Some are apparently banished for life, and in about the suggestion of a year or two, they have been pardoned, and are allowed another chance. It would be preposterous to believe that God, though He were separate from man, could be any worse, but it is better to remain in the favor of the Great Intelligence, not through fear or hope of reward, but because it is pleasant to be good, to think right, and do, in our fancy, accordingly. The great difference is in the absolute justice of the Great Intelligence, and the absence of that short-sightedness, the prejudices and ignorance of the susceptibilties; for

any form of prejudice is a sure sign of ignorance. Notice the name of Lincoln living in the souls of all good, forever honored and respected because he is the suggestion of the lover of all, and that of Tillman, dishonored by the refusal of the idealistic mayor and other decent people of this fancied city to even hear him rave like a maniac, a name forgotten entirely even before he has been suggested as dead, as having passed into the suggestion of hell where, in imagination, he is sure to go, in fact, is now; unless his recent afflictions brought him to a perception of his *mistakes*. If he has *reformed*, then he is out, and had better to stay out. Otherwise, there is no hope for that susceptibility, and even though he were admitted into the suggestion of heaven, he would demand separate apartments. In hell, the suggestion of the devil will stick a pitch-fork into him every time he may object to burning in the same fancied vat with some "black Nigger," as suggested, and roast him on the other side, in his fancy. Poor, misguided Ben Tillman, and the same as to any one who would interfere with the right of the Great Intelligence to present black, red, blue or any other fancied color of pictures; because all know better than to hate any part of God's fancied creation. The Great Intelligence knows what it is about. This is all idealistic, Mr. Tillman and others. Says Christ: "There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same God is Lord over all."

The soul, although it lives forever under the law of indeterminate happiness, sentence, or temporary individualization, being often said *supra*, a part of the Great Intelligence, does not, however, live forever, necessarily as an individualized susceptibility, but it is the NAME which results as the identification quality, and it is true that each susceptibility has the choice to make a great name, or otherwise, the name being unquestionably in the abstract, and thought of only, and also to win for itself, as Jesus Christ did, a permanent individuality, this, under the unlimited efficacy of the Great Intelligence to do, appear to do, or cause to be done what it pleases is possible. It is not confined to any set rule or limited regularity

and can indulge, as it does, according to our own observation, in partiality, and why not? Who has the right to question or object? *Note,* however, that the Law is a part of the Great Intelligence.

"At the NAME of Jesus (note: the *name*) every knee shall bend, and every tongue confess." No *crazy Cult,* no foolish *creed,* no sect (or more properly named, *Insect*) and no selfish, misguided *denominations* for me. All *must* be Idealists. The entire realm of thought must be *my church,* or no church at all. Now, there is no avoiding the doctrine, because it is truth. The suggestion of a *model home* is the best and only necessary church. Congregating, however, as *friends,* merely, at supposed times, is good, and should be encouraged. In the apparent near future, we shall all know, as the true *Idealists* know, that we can be *together* in holy communion, without being present each with the other as hitherto understood. There is, therefore, no need of Churches, so called, all being mere dreams.

Therefore, make for yourselves Great Names, for upon great and good names the Great Intelligence delighteth to think, to love good is one of its sacred attributes; because it is goodness itself, and being sociable, the Great Intelligence delights to associate with, hold counsel with and entertain the good susceptibilities, be they white, black or red, the suggestions of all fancied colors, races or creeds are the same to it, when of the proper quality, and should be the same to all. Desire to lift up instead of despising and rejecting the apparently less favored, and then the greater will be the favors granted us.

Your name will live forever as a blessing or a curse. It will shed light or darkness. Memory being all that is left of the suggested departed souls, as we all agree, idealists or materialists in belief, and it is and ever will be that name, and that name only, that will come up eternally before the susceptibilities, in their memories, and before the Great Intelligence in the judgment. And all these are Idealistic.

THE CLIMAX, THE FINAL CONCLUSION: WHAT IS GOD? IT IS THE QUALITY OF SYMPATHY, MERELY.

The Quality of Sympathy is the essence of the Great Intelligence and by virtue of the quality of sympathy, the Great Intelligence has always had, and always will have unlimited efficacy, as well as to combine, form into an indissoluble union, as it were, all the other qualities or virtues, and is the missing link, so-called, but in reality, the connecting link. It sees without eyes, hears without ears, tastes without a palate, smells without nostrils, and feels without the necessity of coming in contact, and all these even independent of fancy, such as we are subject to. It knows without being taught, enters where there is no opening, loves without fear, or hope of favor, and whether requited or otherwise, expecting no reward or return in compensation for anything it does, just as the suggestion of Jesus Christ, healing the sick, raising the dead, giving sight to the blind, and doing all the good He found in His way to do, with no thought of reward, and finally pictured as bearing the sins of the world, through sympathy, and thereby He is God, was and ever shall be God, winning the title of eternal associate Great Intelligence; Great Sympathy.

This sympathy is with the lowly and the despised, and will not leave them comfortless as we, many of us, even some who profess to be Christians, often do, and it blesses them. It brought Jesus Christ from the fancied grave, and it raises us, so to speak, from the dead, and again I say, it is God. Hallelujah! "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Therefore, he who is wanting in sympathy for each and all the fancied creation, every fancied person or thing, is not fit for everlasting happiness, everlasting life, as we may be pleased to consider it. Further does sympathy bear the burdens of the heavy ladened, and "Tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," as well as to the apparently thinly clad newsboy, who stands in fancy upon the street corner more comfortable than we who may pass, clad in our fancied seal skins and meltons, while the cold winter blasts seem to chill every one. It listens to the prayers of the down-

cast, the imprisoned and the lost wanderers, accompanying the benighted traveler, as it were, and directing the sailors who apparently traverse the pathless mighty deep, and the fancied Indian to cross the suggestion of the mighty Lake Michigan, safely in an apparently small birch-bark canoe, while some of the fancied great steamers seem to founder and go down. It is, it goes, as it appears, where it is needed, and never neglects any. It "notes the sparrows fall," and it is always on the side of the right.

I see the Great Sympathy, God, looking, as it were, with eyes the most beautiful and bright, through the sombre mists which seem to divide. It is watching the movements and the habits of men and women, as they appear to exist, and then, in less than an instant, it descends where needed. There it remains until the storm is past, hiding, protecting, sheltering and blessing the soul. God help us to be sympathetic, which means to be religious, to be like God, to be God; for as said *supra,* God and Sympathy are the same, and sympathy is the possibility of God to have unlimited efficacy.

* BASTANTE ESCRITO.

How could *natural* beings though human they might be,
Crucify a God; if true, a Spirit-God was he?
Impossible to see, my friends, whate'er your creed or schism,
Yet all is plainly shown to us by faith in *Idealism.*

* "Enough written."





